



No. 195.—VOL. XV.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1896.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6½d.



PRINCESS HELENE OF MONTENEGRO,  
WHO IS TO BE MARRIED TO THE PRINCE OF NAPLES ON SATURDAY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ZACCARIA, FLORENCE.



## A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

*"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."*

I suppose there will always be good people who cannot abide the paradox that private vices are quite compatible with public virtues, and a blameless domestic life with flagrant turpitude in affairs of State. Half the libels in history are dictated by an earnest belief that sovereigns and statesmen, whose public acts exposed them to severe criticism, must have been equally odious in their private relations. One of the favourite weapons of sectarian bitterness in all ages is to attribute moral depravity to the heretic and the Grand Inquisitor. Men who cheerfully tortured their fellow-creatures to death for some trumped-up difference of creed were said to be monsters of every iniquity by writers who placed the sufferers high on the roll of martyrdom. Elizabeth was a callous wanton to the Catholics of her day. Philip II. is steeped in every vice by Protestant historians. Charles I. is still the Blessed Martyr to Jacobites, who are convinced that Cromwell was no gentleman. Besides, was not Charles a pattern husband and father? True; but, as Major Martin Hume tells us, so was Phillip II. Charles had a lamentable talent for duplicity in statecraft, and Philip, under the sanction of his religion, organised a system of devilry which has not been surpassed by Abdul Hamid. Indeed, I shall not be surprised to hear that Abdul has his personal merits. Perhaps he is fond of seeing white mice feed out of his august hand, and sheds tears over their touching confidence. Count Fosco, the villain in "The Woman in White" (does anybody read that romance now?), was never so happy as when he was playing with the canary. Then the Sultan has decorated an American journalist, and if that is not a proof of virtuous discrimination, pray where are we to look for that quality?

This case of Philip II. is particularly staggering to the moralists who argue that a bad man is all of a piece, and that a monarch whose ferocious suppression of religious freedom still makes us shudder could not have had a compartment in which he was a model of tenderness and charity. And yet the compartment theory is completely established by Major Hume's evidence. Philip had three wives, who adored him in turn; his children were justified in regarding him as the best of fathers. These are no mere assumptions; the vindication of Philip does not rest on the testimony of partisans; it is amply borne out by his letters, by the letters of Elizabeth de Medici, his third wife, to her mother, documents which an impartial Englishman has thrown in the teeth of historical prejudice. The brutal Spaniard of Froude disappears with the heartless cynic of Tennyson's "Queen Mary." Some of us still remember Irving in that play, and the polished cruelty of his "Simon, is supper ready?" in response to the Queen's entreaties. It was all wrong, monumentally wrong. Philip never cared for Mary; it was a marriage of convenience; but he treated her with chivalrous consideration. Elizabeth, the little French princess who went to Spain in terror of this strange husband, learned to worship him, and poured out her happiness in those rapturous letters to Catherine de Medici. The historical judgment on Philip is as irrational as that insulting caricature of Joan of Arc in Shakspeare, which has no better foundation than the assumption that a woman who defeated the English arms must have been a strumpet, inspired by hell.

Private conduct, then, is no criterion of public policy, though this will never be admitted by the professional moralists. Fox was a notorious gambler; this threw no shadow on his undoubted patriotism. Lord Randolph Churchill was a spendthrift; yet he resigned the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer because his colleagues would not consent to his thoroughgoing scheme of public economy. The personal character of Henri Rochefort is without a stain; some of his English friends are never tired of talking about the goodness of his heart; his love of children is one of his most attractive qualities; yet his autobiography is full of implacable malignity to women. When he has seen a nurse ill-treating a child, he has followed her home to complain to her mistress; yet he cannot write of Marie Antoinette or the Empress Eugénie except in terms of scurrilous abuse. No, the household virtues do not teach charity any more than the love of a tigress for her young makes her a domesticated animal. It was no Church that taught the world to regard burnt-offerings of heretics as displeasing to the nostrils of heaven; the apostle of our modern humanity was Voltaire. Macaulay says that Pitt did not enter into the amusements of his contemporaries because he was "too shy, too delicate, and too busy." Without these guarantees of decorum he would have been just as great a statesman.

This paradox of public and private responsibility is so little appreciated nowadays that we are begged to declare an owner of racehorses unfit for the highest office in the State; and in a colony where women's suffrage is the breath of a progressive democracy, it is gravely asserted that no man has any chance of political advancement who fails to satisfy the "social purity" Inquisition.

Somebody may be kind enough to suggest that I am setting up private vice as a social canon. I simply assert a truism of history, that you cannot reason from the duties of the individual citizen to the obligations of the public service. Jack Wilkes was a scamp; but, as the representative of the constitutional rights of the Middlesex electors, he was as good as any Aristides. King Henry VIII. had some of the disagreeable characteristics of Bluebeard; yet his headstrong will was of inestimable value as a national instrument against a foreign domination. If Nelson were with us now, and England were threatened by a peril even more formidable than Bonaparte's flotilla at Boulogne, would the Nonconformist pulpits invoke the vengeance of heaven on the country which entrusted its fortunes to the lover of Lady Hamilton? I remember what a pothole arose when a courageous prelate of the Established Church affirmed that the machinery of the State could not be worked by the principles of the Sermon on the Mount; and I dare say the "social purity" ladies would regard another Trafalgar as an insult to the chastity of our hearths and homes.

Some Londoner has been struck with envy by the decoration of Paris in honour of the Tsar. He wants to know why London should be content with her habitual dinginess on occasions of public rejoicing. It is useless to expect the overburdened ratepayers to defray the expense of lavish embellishment; but he thinks a committee of wealthy citizens might raise a fund of a hundred thousand pounds, to be suitably laid out on triumphal arches and so forth, when a fitting opportunity occurs. I am afraid the emotional stimulus for this enterprise is lacking. The decoration of a great city must spring from a common impulse; you cannot prepare for triumphal arches in cold blood. The enthusiasm which stirred Paris is scarcely conceivable in London. There is no potentate I am aware of, whose arrival among us would excite a mad yearning for Venetian masts. We should not hang out a Chinese lantern for all the crowned heads in Europe. West-End tradesmen have been known to decorate a single street, and on certain anniversaries there is a modest expenditure of gas over club doorways; but the state of our pulses would scarcely justify fireworks on an extravagant scale, or even coloured lamps among the valetudinarian trees of the Thames Embankment.

Paris, moreover, is a city with a sentimental and artistic unity; London is a wilderness, inhabited by five millions of people. A popular demonstration in Hyde Park may excite but faint interest in miles of streets through which the procession passes. You can always feel the pulse of Paris when the populace is kindled; but half-a-million citizens might be excited in London while four millions remained apathetic. If a storm of enthusiasm should sweep over Bishopsgate Within, Holloway would continue absorbed in its usual avocations. I can imagine the parish of St. George's, Hanover Square, illuminating without exciting the emulation of St. George's-in-the-East to the expense of a single candle. London takes no pride in her personal appearance; she is rather like a draggle-tailed damsel who yawns over a novelette with her hair in curl-papers; and the committee of millionaires who proposed to trick her out in finery might speedily find themselves the objects of popular ridicule.

An American writer has lately suggested that the millionaires of his country should justify their existence by beautifying their native towns. At present, he says, they have no intellectual resource apart from the accumulation of dollars. They ask one another to dinner, and talk Wall Street; the introduction of any other subject of conversation reduces them to silent misery. Now, if they could conceive a passion for erecting public monuments, or if they were simply to recognise this as a civic duty without getting "stuck on it," as they say in their delightful language, their counsellor thinks they might make peace with the forces of revolution. Can you not hear a Western millionaire addressing this appeal to a desperate mob?—"Gentlemen, before you proceed to the business of lynching, let me remind you that I built the marble palaces in which you conduct the municipal affairs of this city. Every dispassionate man among you must admit that they lick the Parthenons of the Eastern States into putty."



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We have examined the books of the following firms—namely, William Cory and Son; Lambert Bros.; D. Radford and Co.; Beadle Bros., Limited; J. and C. Harrison; Green, Holland, and Sons; Mann, George, and Co.; and G. J. Cockerell and Co., Limited; and we have ascertained that the tonnage of coal, coke, and patent fuel handled by them (excluding all foreign business) for the three years 1893, 1894, and 1895 has been 15,326,150 tons, showing an average of 5,108,717 tons per annum. For the period of six months ending 30th June, 1896, the tonnage has also been at the rate of over 5,000,000 tons per annum.

Signed this 24th day of September, 1896. J. DIX LEWIS, CESAR, and CO.,  
Chartered Accountants.

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The Board of the Company is composed of representative members of each of the amalgamating firms, with whom for years past the practical management of the respective businesses has rested, and the Company will have the benefit of their combined experience, and should secure the continuity of their business connections. The Company also retains the services of those employees of the amalgamating firms whose assistance the Board consider will prove of material value to the Company.

Included in the assets to be taken over by the Company are—

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Twenty-one Steam-Tugs and Four Steam-Launches.  
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Two thousand five hundred and sixty Railway Wagons, subject to deferred payments on a portion of the Wagons as mentioned in Mr. Ball's certificate below.  
Horses and Vans.

The Valuations mentioned below have been made in pursuance of the instructions of the amalgamating firms.

The Freeholds, Leaseholds, Wharves, Dépôts, Derricks, and fixed machinery have been valued by Messrs Fuller, Horsey, and Co. at Three hundred and thirty thousand one hundred and seventy-two pounds (£330,172).

The Barges, Coal-Vans, Horses, and loose plant have been valued by Messrs. Horne, Son, and Eversfield at Three hundred and eleven thousand three hundred and thirty-nine pounds (£311,339).

The Steamers, Tugs, Lighters, Investments in Shipping Properties, and Shares in Companies have been valued by Messrs. Bailey and Ridley, and Flannery, Baggallay and Johnson at Three hundred and sixty-two thousand three hundred and seventy-nine pounds (say £362,379).

The Railway Wagons have been valued by Mr. Edwin Ball, of the North Central Railway Wagon Works, Rotherham, at £62,075 (say Sixty-two thousand and seventy-five pounds).

In addition to the assets comprised in the above Certificates the Debenture Stock will form a floating charge upon the current book debts for the time being of the Company, and upon its stock, additional plant, working capital, and other assets. It is estimated by the Directors that the aggregate value of these items will not be less than £500,000, of which at least £150,000 will represent cash provided for the purchase of additional plant and the working capital of the Company. Neither this figure of £500,000 nor the sums mentioned in the above Certificates include any value for the goodwill.

Messrs. Deloitte, Dever, Griffiths, and Co., 4, Lothbury, and Messrs. Price, Waterhouse and Co., 54, Gresham Street, have examined the books of the eight firms for the last seven years, and they certify as follows—

To the DIRECTORS of WILLIAM CORY and SON, Limited.

London, E.C., 14th October, 1896.

GENTLEMEN.—We have examined the books of the following firms: Messrs. William Cory and Son; Lambert Brothers; J. and C. Harrison; Beadle Brothers, Limited; Green, Holland, and Sons; D. Radford and Co.; Mann, George, and Co.; G. J. Cockerell and Co., Limited, for a period of seven years, the last year's accounts ending in nearly every case on 31st December, 1895; and we report that, after excluding all charges for interest and management by the partners, we find the aggregate profits of the home trade to have been in each year as follows—

1889 ...	£165,935 11 10	1893 ...	£162,272 16 8
1890 ...	197,420 6 0	1894 ...	106,932 16 0
1891 ...	130,117 18 11	1895 ...	110,741 16 8
1892 ...	127,741 0 8	or an average Annual Profit of £143,023 3 9	

Before arriving at the above results, we have made provision to the best of our judgment for depreciation, and wear and tear of steamers, tugs, barges, railway wagons, and plant.

We are, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,

DELOITTE, DEVER, GRIFFITHS, and CO.  
PRICE, WATERHOUSE, and CO.

The Annual Profits above certified have been sufficient in each year to pay 4 per cent. on the £800,000 Debenture Stock; 5 per cent. on the £500,000 Preference Shares, and to leave an average yearly balance of £68,523 3s. 9d.

Subsequently to the period covered by the Certificate of Profits, additional plant, included in the assets above specified, and consisting of new Steam-Colliers of the most modern type, Sea-going Lighters, powerful Screw Steam-Tugs, and Iron and Steel Barges of large carrying capacity, has been acquired by some of the Vendors. It is anticipated by the Directors that the introduction of this plant will effect a substantial increase in revenue.

The aggregate purchase price of the goodwill, assets (other than existing book debts, cash balances, and stock), and undertaking of the English businesses (as on Oct. 1, 1896) of the eight amalgamating firms who are the Vendors to and the Promoters of the Company has been fixed by them at £2,374,000. The said price is to be satisfied as to £774,000 in cash, as to £850,000 in fully paid Ordinary Shares of the Company, as to £283,300 in fully paid Preference Shares of the Company, and as to the balance (subject to the provisions of the Agreement) in cash, the Vendors having an option, however, of taking at the issue price one-third of the Debenture Stock as fully paid in part satisfaction of this balance. The Stocks of the Vendors are to be taken over by the Company at their cost price. The Company does not take over the book debts and cash balances of the Vendors on Oct. 1, 1896.

The Vendors pay all the expenses of the Registration and formation of the Company, and the issue of the Debenture Stock and Preference Shares to the public, including all valuations, printing, and advertising, and they will also bear the whole cost (including stamp duties) of the conveyance to the Company of the whole of the assets and the charges thereon in favour of the Trustees for the Debenture Stock holders.

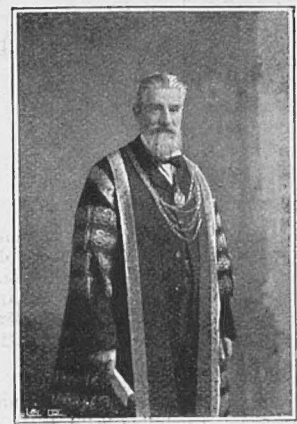
Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the offices of the Company, and at the Bankers and Brokers.

Dated Oct. 16, 1896.



## THE COLCHESTER OYSTER BANQUET.

This week is Colchester's most memorable week in the year, for yesterday the annual Oyster Feast was to prove a source of pleasure or discomfort to rather over four hundred persons—guests, citizens, and pressmen. Having for some years read of this Feast—recurring, as it does, during the latter half of every October—I thought



MR. JAMES WICKS.

Photo by Gill, Colchester.

(writes a *Sketch* representative) I would go down and see Mr. Mayor about it. I felt curious concerning it, you see, my experiences of oyster-eating having hitherto being confined to occasional snacks at Scott's, Craig's, or Sweeting's.

I accordingly trained it down to Colchester, and sought out Mr. Mayor's dwelling—a pretty red-brick edifice away down the Lexden Road. Mr. Mayor is known in private life as Mr. James Wicks, wine and spirit merchant. He is an elderly gentleman, with a long, grey-bespattered beard. He is, I should mention, a keen Radical, a broth of a Nonconformist boy, Chairman of the Board of Guardians, and a very keen all-round citizen, well worthy of the position he occupies. Pending his arrival I was entertained with gossip and sherry by the Worshipful the Mayoress,

a courteous and informative lady, who well understands the journalist and his habits. "This afternoon," she said, "and this evening, too, I shall be hard at work sending off tickets of admission to the Feast. Oh, you can't imagine what a lot of letter-writing it entails!"

"If my poor quill can be of any use to you—," I was beginning, when the Mayor entered, looking very business-like.

"I've asked twenty of you gentlemen down," he said, by way of letting me know that the Feast would be well reported.

"I hope there'll be plenty of oysters, then," I returned, knowing something of Press appetites.

"Ten thousand at the very least," Mrs. Mayor assured me.

I gasped. "Ten thousand!"

"It generally works out at about three dozen a-head," she continued, "which isn't very much, after all, considering that the function is a wholly masculine one."

"No ladies at all?" I queried disappointedly.

"None at all," declared the Mayor; "but," he added very graciously, "a select dozen of them (I am referring to the ladies) are allowed to look on from a neighbouring room, where they can see and yet not be seen."

"What queer people you Colcestrians are," I said, "barring out the fair sex like that! However, to proceed. Who pays the piper, if I may put the question so bluntly?"

His Worship replied that the Mayor did, and that the Piper's bill came to several hundreds of pounds. "However," he added, "it's a very old institution, this Oyster Feast, and I am sure no Mayor ever grudges the money he spends on it while holding office."

"Hear, hear!" I applauded; "them there are my sentiments too. Do you know what I should do if I were Mayor? I should extend the oyster suffrage to the ladies of Colchester and admit them to the banquet."

His Worship said, would I go on with the interview?

"Well, Mr. Mayor," I proceeded cheerfully, "how long have these feasts been established?"

"Ever since the days of Queen Elizabeth," he informed me. "In the Archives of the Colchester Corporation are bills for Oyster Feasts dating back to 1577—what do you think of that for antiquity?—but it was not till 1845 (before *you* were born, I guess) that the feast assumed anything like its present proportions. Time was when only the Mayor, Aldermen, and Councillors (with perhaps, half-a-dozen friends) sat down to what you pressmen so happily term (from much experience I presume) the 'succulent bivalve.' Now, it is not only an Essex—it is a national event. Why—with rising colour and heaving chest—"we always have half-a-dozen eminent politicians, a great soldier, a great sailor, some legal lights, a bishop or two—"

"In fact," I broke in, "a few gods, many mere mortals, and—"

"Lord Warwick is a standing dish," concluded Mr. Mayor, who first met that noble peer when, as Lord Brooke, he represented the borough at St. Stephen's.

"Lady Warwick is coming, too," put in Mrs. Wicks quietly.

"And Lord Rosebery being your special dish, 'twill be indeed a famous gathering," I said, annexing a ticket of admission which had been unobtrusively left near my elbow all this time.

"Colchester," said the Mayor, advancing towards me, and kindly yet firmly removing the ticket from my grasp, "has always been a great place for feasting. You may not believe me, but it is a fact that, in years gone by, nearly all the town's revenues were spent in eating and drinking. There were two annual dinners and a number of other more or less sumptuous banquets paid for out of the citizens' pockets. At every Quarter Sessions there was a dinner for the Grand Jury, and a separate dinner for the Magistrates and Aldermen. There were two Audit Dinners every year. As a rule, there was a feast at the opening of the Fishery, as well as at its close, and various other dinners were started from time to time as excuse offered. Heaps of impromptu feasts were devised from year to year; there was a special

venison feast; and, of course, royal birthdays, Coronation Days, victories, and recoveries of princes from illnesses were celebrated by our sturdy-stomached ancestors with the usual gorges. Oh, yes, Colchester was a great knife-and-fork city in the good old days!"

In addition to having evidently possessed Aldermen and others with abnormal appetites, Colchester would seem to have boasted at one time a prolonged taste for extreme Conservatism. For nearly half a century not a single Liberal townsman was elected to the office of Mayor, nor a single Nonconformist. Some years ago, however, the Council came to the conclusion that such Party prejudice was injurious to the community, the result being that since then Conservative and Liberal Mayors have been chosen, turn and turn about, an arrangement which gives general satisfaction. As a matter of fact, however, the truth was that the Conservatives were running short of men who were at all suitable for the post, and so the Council had perforce to take an alternate Liberal to its bosom. Mr. Philbrick, Q.C. (then, of course, only a plain junior), was ousted from the post of Recorder of Colchester thirty or more years ago, only to be reinstated in recent times after three decades' sojourn in the cold.

Prominent personage in all parochial matters as Mr. Wicks has ever been, I was not surprised, on looking through his album of cuttings from local and other papers, to find that the minor bards of this ancient borough have often twanged and thumped the lyre at our good Mayor's expense. One of them wrote some topical verses about Mr. Wicks, when he was Chairman of the Water Tower Committee, for the pantomime being played in the town. One canto concluded as follows—

Will our new Water Tower be a success

In 1901?

I'm afraid, my dear friends, it will be in a mess

In 1901.

Mr. Wicks said 'twould be an improvement here,

But the water don't run quite freely, I fear,

But we'll let him off, boys, if he makes it run beer

In 1901.

With which touch of a vanished Tennysonian hand I will make my bow and retire.

## THE ITALIAN ROYAL WEDDING.

All Italy is looking forward to the wedding of the Prince of Naples and Princess Hélène of Montenegro on Saturday. The Romans prettily call their future Queen the "Second Helen," though there is a difference of opinion as to whether, by that, they are ranking her with the siren of Troy or the lovely Princess who married their King's favourite nephew a year ago. In any case, they are all much pleased about the marriage, and it is confidently asserted that important secessions from the ranks of the Blacks to those of the Whites will take place after the wedding. Others declare that, however gallant and diplomatic the Princes of the royal house may be, and however gracious and beautiful the Princesses to whom they ally themselves may prove, those same secessions will remain as few and as unimportant in the future as they have been in the past. However, that is no pleasing note in a bridal chant, so it must be hushed. The conquest of the Montenegrin Princess has been very complete, and since her star rose on the horizon of the young Prince, no more has been heard of his petition, which more than once

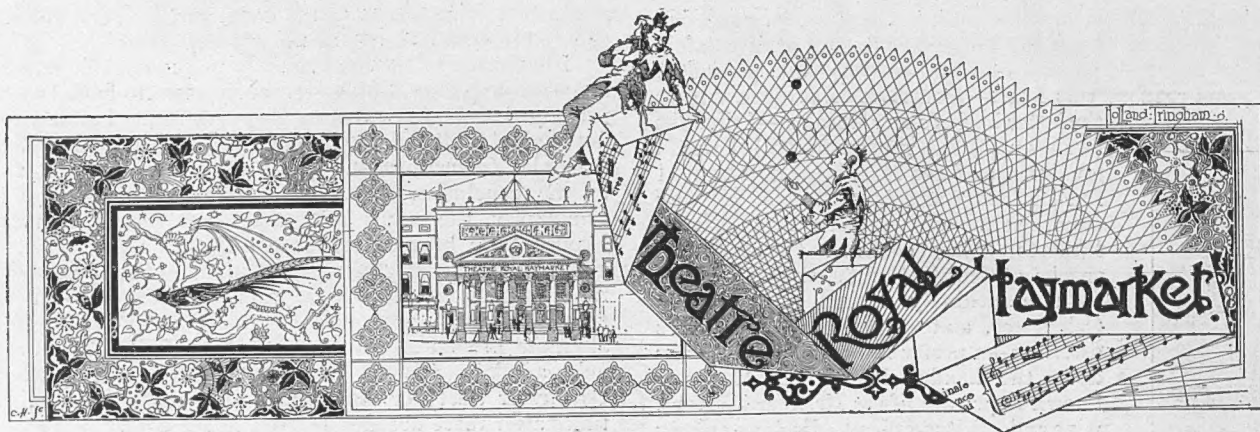
took the form of a demand, to be allowed to join the Army of Africa. The young man was pining for a baptism of fire; he has always been a keen soldier, and his quick eye and unerring judgment have won him compliments where they are most hard to gain, from the officers sent by the Emperor William to watch the Italian Manœuvres; and that tough old veteran the Duke of Cambridge, too, wrote letters to the pleased King Humbert, saying his son's thorough knowledge of every branch of his profession and his close attention to the minutest of details were surprising in so young a man. The Prince, moreover, is a keen sportsman, a good whip, and knows how to manage a yacht; at all these pursuits Princess Hélène—a very Artemis, if we are to believe the reports from her father's Court—is at one with him. In fact, so many are the interests they have in common that their chances of domestic happiness are decidedly above the average. In regard to her personal appearance, the bride is perhaps not quite such a fairy-tale princess as she has been described, but she is infinitely better-looking than any of the portraits which have appeared of her in the English papers, while of her accomplishments, her bright, sunny temper, winning smile and manner, and charm as a companion, the Prince of Naples himself could not speak too highly.



THE PRINCE OF NAPLES.

Photo by Brogi, Florence.





### "UNDER THE RED ROBE."

As *The Sketch* we naturally take a keen interest in the fortunes of "Under the Red Robe," since it was in the *Illustrated London News*, our respected and popular parent, that Mr. Stanley Weyman's brilliant novel first saw the light of day. Indeed, it would have been a cruel disappointment if Mr. Edward Rose had failed to make a notable play out of the thrilling story—a story which, though it must have given the dramatist many a hard nut to crack, is essentially dramatic. Herewith are presented two of Mr. Caton Woodville's charming illustrations to the novel. It is curious to note how exactly these scenes are reproduced on the stage. The upper, which shows De Berault suggesting the postponement of his duel with Larolle, and hinting that if Larolle tells anyone that he has struck "the black death," the mere fact of his being alive will give discredit to the story, save that on the stage the Larolle is less graceful, might have been taken from the stage. The other vividly portrays the quarrel over the cards, picturesquely contrived at the Haymarket. Indeed, it is not unlikely that the *metteur en scène* of the rejuvenated theatre has studied Mr. Woodville's drawings. However that may be, apart from its merit as drama, "Under the Red Robe" has the advantage of giving many very charming stage pictures.



MR. WEYMAN.  
The Author of the Novel.

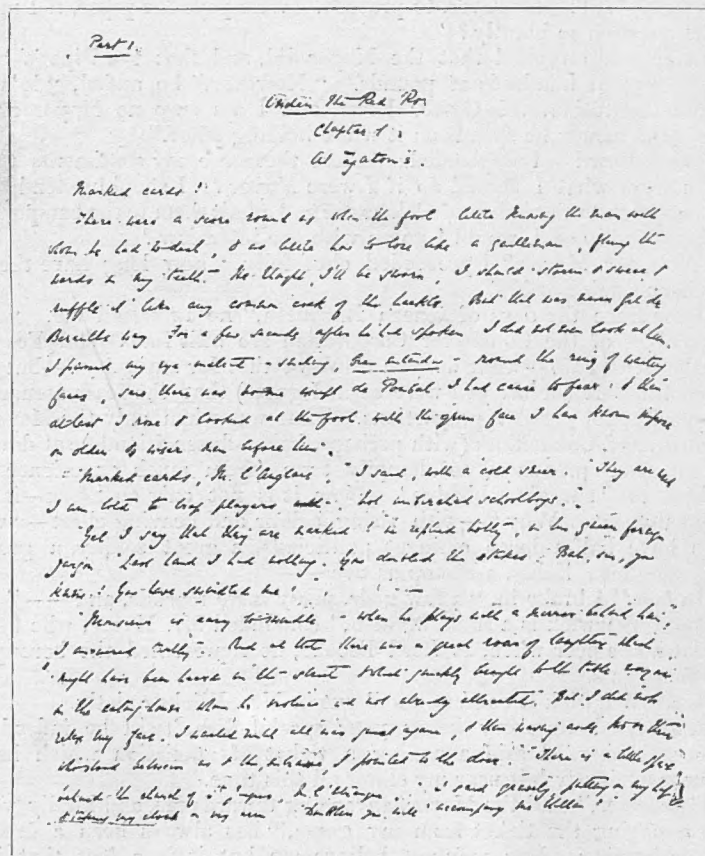
And it has merit as drama, not merit of its own. Beginning merely as a melodrama, to be enlivened with comic relief and stirring incident, it gradually grows higher in feeling, till in some scenes it really reaches poetic drama of a fine character. I fear that this class of work is not entirely within my narrow range of sympathy: that I like an eventful tale now and then I cannot deny, yet the sense of artificiality and Wardour Street that accompanies the historical work always forces me off to some extent. Nevertheless, Gil de Berault, about the pronunciation of whose name there was reasonable difference of opinion among the players, is such a fascinating dog that one forgets the untruthfulness of the character. There were moments when he really seemed to be a human creature in a cruel plight.

Poor Gil! he was true enough to make one think of him after leaving the theatre, and ask how he got on in his confinement at Cocheforêt with the vituperative Renée. I believe that in a month he called it "Cochonforêt," and, after fighting a long series of duels with the winged and the four-footed inhabitants of the neighbourhood, returned to Paris and life. I have no great confidence in the reformed rake theory—at least, save in cases where the wife is in a position to draw its teeth. However, my business is with the play and not my speculations as to the future of Gil. It seems to me that the play will have the great success that it deserves, and it deserves much, being far the best of the now fashionable romantic melodramas, which have driven out the so-called problem-play from the field where it revelled securely for a time amid the protestations of some old-fashioned folk.

Even with the terror of "the black death" before me, I venture to suggest that some improvements are possible. Why in that complicated duel arranged by M. Bertrand, *Professeur d'Escrime de feu S. A. M. G. K. le Prince Impérial, Louis Napoléon*, does the one Englishman of the play try to thrust Gil when he is down? What would happen in real life under such circumstances I do not know, but in fairyland I should prefer that my compatriot acted up to the British phrase of not hitting at a man when he is down. Would it not be possible to spare us the "groans off" of Clon, the tongueless man, and the blood-stains on the shirt? That sort of thing is very unpleasant, and I find that, taken about two hours after dinner, it arrests my digestion at a vital moment. May I suggest that Captain Larolle is rather too much of a caricature? Mr. Cyril Maude, no doubt, must bear some blame for forcing his very clever work,

out the humour of the part would be the more if it were toned down, and the deathless chestnut about "making a fool" of me taken out. Lastly, why not make the dread Cardinal forbid De Berault to open the letter containing his doom until ten minutes have gone by? As it stands, the delay in opening it and learning the truth is so strained a device for piling up the agony as to be nothing short of irritating to the audience.

Let me turn to pleasanter matters—for instance, to Miss Eva Moore, whose appeal to Gil showed a depth of pathetic power that I had not conceived in the dainty little actress. Mr. Herbert Waring, however, thrusts himself forward, and his brilliant acting will long be remembered: he took the house by storm, and, having the wisdom to avoid efforts at subtlety in the simple part, kept every scene alive in which he appeared. Next to his in merit of execution comes the quiet work of Mr. Bernard Gould as the Lieutenant; this was a piece of faultless character-acting, not striking at first, but growing in power by sheer truth until it dominated finely one scene. I am doubtful whether the part of Renée really lies quite within the compass of Miss Emery's notable art—the actress, whose greatest achievements have been in comedy or in pathetic parts, hardly has the command of fire, passion, and impulse needed by the sister of the much-mispronounced Henri, and, despite the technical merit of her playing, the part does not show her at her best. It is a pity to see such an actress as Miss Fanny Coleman in a poor part as the keeper of the gaming-house. Mr. Sydney Valentine had a very



THE FIRST PAGE OF THE MANUSCRIPT OF THE NOVEL.

hard task as the Cardinal of whom De Champagne has given us such vivid portraits. There was not the grandeur that one imagines, but a fine suggestion of intellectuality and passion, as well as hint of ruthlessness, in his work. Mr. Holman Clark cleverly gave a weird effect to the part of Clon. Altogether, I must put on record that I spent a very pleasant evening at the New Haymarket, and I expect Mr. Maude will not have to find a successor for many a day to come.

MONOCLE.



"UNDER THE RED ROBE."

*As Illustrated by Mr. R. Caton Woodville in "The Illustrated London News."*



THE DUEL.



THE CARD.



## MR. CYRIL MAUDE.

Mr. Cyril Maude has risen rapidly in his profession by dint of sheer excellence in his art. After spending a good deal of his youth in the North-Western States of America with Daniel Bandman's company, he began his career in this country just twelve years ago, and for the next few years gained the admirable training that the provinces afford. It was in the autumn of 1887 that he began his London career, by appearing at the Grand Theatre, Islington, in a melodrama called "Racing," and three months later he got an engagement at the Gaiety in "Frankenstein." Since that time he has rarely been idle. Between 1888 and 1890 he figured in the whole round of plays at the Vaudeville, under Mr. Tom Thorne's management—in "Joseph's Sweetheart," "That Doctor Cupid," "Clarissa," and "Miss Tomboy." Meantime he was gaining further experience by judicious excursions in *matinée*. An engagement at the Criterion followed—"London Assurance," "Twelve Points of the Law," and "The School for Scandal." Then he joined Mr. Jones in that historic essay at the Avenue Theatre, appearing as Palsom in "The Crusaders," and in the revival of "Judah" he was admirable as Juxon Prall. In the autumn of 1892 he joined Mrs. Langtry at the Haymarket, making a great "hit" as the senile Baron Finot in "The Queen of Manoa." His Cayley Drummle in "Mrs. Tanqueray," his crabbed



MR. CYRIL MAUDE.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

old gentleman in "Sowing the Wind," his pompous M.P. in "The Benefit of the Doubt," and his irascible Colonel in "A Mother of Three" are all memorable studies of elderly gentlemen. Indeed, playgoers seem to have come to think that Mr. Maude's one rôle is old gentlemen. Managers have forced on him these parts, but his soul has soared far above such rôles, and now that he is his own manager, it is not likely that he will care to crib, cabin, and confine himself to a groove so narrow. Indeed, his appearance as the dashing young man in "Under the Red Robe" is an earnest of Mr. Maude's intention and ambition to widen his field of endeavour.

Mr. Maude is ably supported by his clever wife, Miss Winifred Emery, who, coming of a fine old stage stock, may be said to have begun her theatrical career in "Heartsease," at the Court Theatre, under the management of Mr. Wilson Barrett, in 1879. She has understudied Madame Modjeska and Miss Ellen Terry, has been leading lady at the Lane, and, like her husband, she did excellent work at the Vaudeville. She was Mr. Barrett's leading lady at the Olympic in 1890. Three years ago she joined, as leading lady, Mr. Comyns Carr at the Comedy Theatre. You remember how charming she was as Rosamund in "Sowing the Wind," and her Mrs. Fraser of Lochreen in "The Benefit of the Doubt" was a great performance, with many exceptionally fine moments. At the Lyceum, again, she was very good as Coppeé's Lady Macbeth sort of Queen. Each in their different way, Mr. Maude and Miss Winifred are among the most promising of our players—one says promising because, while they have done so well in the past, there is a conscientiousness about all their work that betokens a desire to excel still more, and their leadership at the Haymarket promises well for the future conduct of that historic house.

## HISTORY OF THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

It was in 1720, a hundred and seventy-six years ago, that a theatre was first built on the east side of the Haymarket. It was promptly called "The Little Theatre," to distinguish it from the bigger temple of the drama erected by Sir John Vanbrugh on the opposite side. It was the product of the purse and enterprise of one John Potter, a builder, who seems to have had in view the needs of the histrionic amateurs of his time. The structure was but a modest one, and cost but little money. It had the external appearance (as will be noted in the illustration) of a private house. It was opened by amateurs, who were followed by a French company. The proprietor had no licence, but the patent theatres

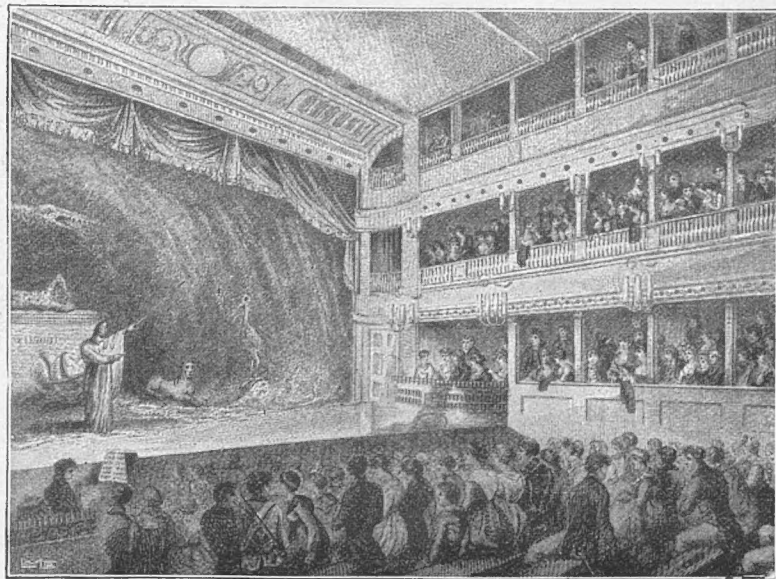


FRONT OF THE LITTLE THEATRE.

extended to him at first an enlightened toleration, prompted perhaps by a knowledge of the fact that he possessed the suffrages of "fashion." It was for the pleasure of the wealthy classes that another French company came in 1721-2 and a third in 1724, and that in 1726 there was a series of performances (by subscription) of Italian opera.

The first notable director of the Little Theatre was no less a personage than Henry Fielding, who in 1730 produced in it his "Tom Thumb the Great." Then, after an interlude of "gladiators and swordsmen," came, in 1732, a series of English operas by Carey and by Gay, followed in 1733 by a season controlled by Theophilus Cibber. After Cibber, *ecce iterum* the undefeated Fielding, who (with Macklin in his troupe) remained at the head of affairs for three years, during which he brought out a series of satiric pieces, notably "Pasquin," which ran for fifty nights, and "The Historical Register," in which Walpole was so severely handled that he introduced into Parliament his "historical" measure requiring all theatrical managers to apply to the Lord Chamberlain for a "permit." It was, accordingly, with a licence that in 1744 Macklin opened the Little Theatre with a company of young people, which included a certain Samuel Foote. It was without a licence that Theophilus Cibber essayed to carry on the theatre in succession to Macklin, offering the public a concert, for which it would pay, and a performance of "Romeo and Juliet," which would be provided "gratis." "Cymbeline," by the way, was one of the pieces which T. Cibber submitted.

In 1747 Foote, no longer a beginner, took the helm, also without a licence. He undertook to supply, besides a concert, a monologue called "The Diversions of the Morning" and a farce called "The Credulous Husband." This time the lessees of the patent theatres interfered, and Foote had to alter his programme. He now invited the public daily to "drink a dish of chocolate" with him, after which, he said, he would endeavour to divert them—which he did, with a number of those imitations of well-known persons which he knew so well how to furnish. He seems to have continued his entertainments into 1748. In 1749 the theatre was the scene of two riots, one caused by a "bottle conjurer" who dissatisfied the lieges, and the other by some foreign players who offended them. There were no regular dramatic performances by



INTERIOR OF THE LITTLE THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

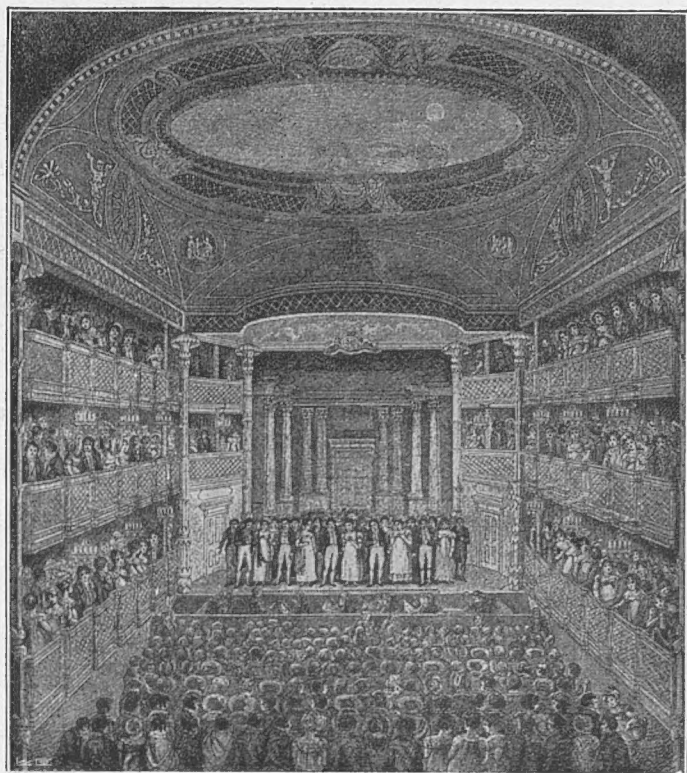


English actors until 1755, when Cibber again came into power. Three years later Cibber acquired a general licence for the house, and two years after that (1760) Foote resumed the management, which he retained (with a brief interval) till 1776. His was a memorable lesseeship, apart altogether from the production of certain of his plays. In 1766, as the result of a "practical joke" by the Duke of York, Foote lost one of his

"Scholar," and other pieces being all performed there. There also Charles James Mathews brought out his "Wolf and the Lamb," Douglas Jerrold his "Housekeeper," Beazley his "Hints for Husbands," Charles Whitehead his "Cavalier," and so forth. Among Haymarket players of the period were W. Farren, Tyrone Power, Buckstone, Harley, Strickland, Mrs. Waylett, Mrs. Glover, Madame Vestris, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Humby, Miss Taylor, and Miss Ellen Tree.

In June 1837 Webster succeeded to the direction of the theatre, which he retained till March 1853. He opened with Macready (as a "star"), and the great actor was seen again on several occasions before his retirement in 1851. Though an actor-manager, Webster for ten years or so kept himself in the background, putting forward Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, Madame Vestris, Miss Faucit, and Miss Cushman, welcoming Wallack and Hackett from the States, and introducing Mr. J. L. Toole to the London public (1852). Here was an entrepreneur who gave ample encouragement to the contemporary native playwright. Webster staged "The Love-Chase" and other pieces by Sheridan Knowles, "The Athenian Captive" and "Glencoe" of Talfourd, "The Sea Captain" and "Money" of Bulwer Lytton, the "Old Heads and Young Hearts" of Boucicault, the "Time Works Wonders" of Jerrold, the "Strathmore" and "Heart and the World" of Westland Marston, some fairy spectacles by Planché, and, last but not least, "Masks and Faces," in which he was the original Triplet. He it was, too, who offered £500 for a comedy, and received in exchange the "Quid Pro Quo" of Mrs. Gore. He revived "Twelfth Night," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "The Way of the World," as well as a version of "The Maid's Tragedy." During his reign he largely remodelled the theatre, widened the proscenium, and introduced gas; altogether, he spent upon the building £12,000.

His successor was Buckstone, long popular both as author and as actor. We now enter upon modern history, and need indicate only the chief points of interest. Buckstone took the reins in March 1853, and retained them till 1878—that is, for a quarter of a century. It was a notable period, starting with a revival of "The Rivals," in which old Chippendale made his bow. This performance was typical of many a future representation of old comedy at the Haymarket. With the production of "An Unequal Match" in 1857, Buckstone showed another facet of his managerial policy. In those early days he had the aid of Miss Amy Sedgwick, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, Miss Blanche Fane, and so forth. In 1861 came Sothorn with "Lord Dundreary," and later came "David Garrick," "The Favourite of Fortune," "A Hero of Romance." The Sothorn fever over, there arrived, in 1870, the era of the Gilbertian fairy comedies and Mrs. Kendal (then Madge Robertson). Indissolubly associated with the Buckstone period are, of course, such names as those of Henry Compton and Mrs. Chippendale. In 1878 Mr. J. S. Clarke, who had achieved popularity as Bob Acres and Major Wellington de Boots, took over the theatre, and produced among other things "The Crisis" and Mr. Wills's "Ellen." He gave way in February 1880 to Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, whose abolition of the pit caused an uproar, the sound of which seems to echo still. They revived many old successes, produced "Odette," "Fédora," "Diplomacy," and "Lords and Commons," and "brought out" Mrs. Langtry. Then, in 1885-7, we had Messrs. Russell and Bashford, who gave us "Dark Days" and "Jim the Penman." That brings us to the beginning of the sway of Mr. Beerbohm Tree—a rule of which we not long ago recounted the leading features, and concerning which, therefore, nothing need now be said.

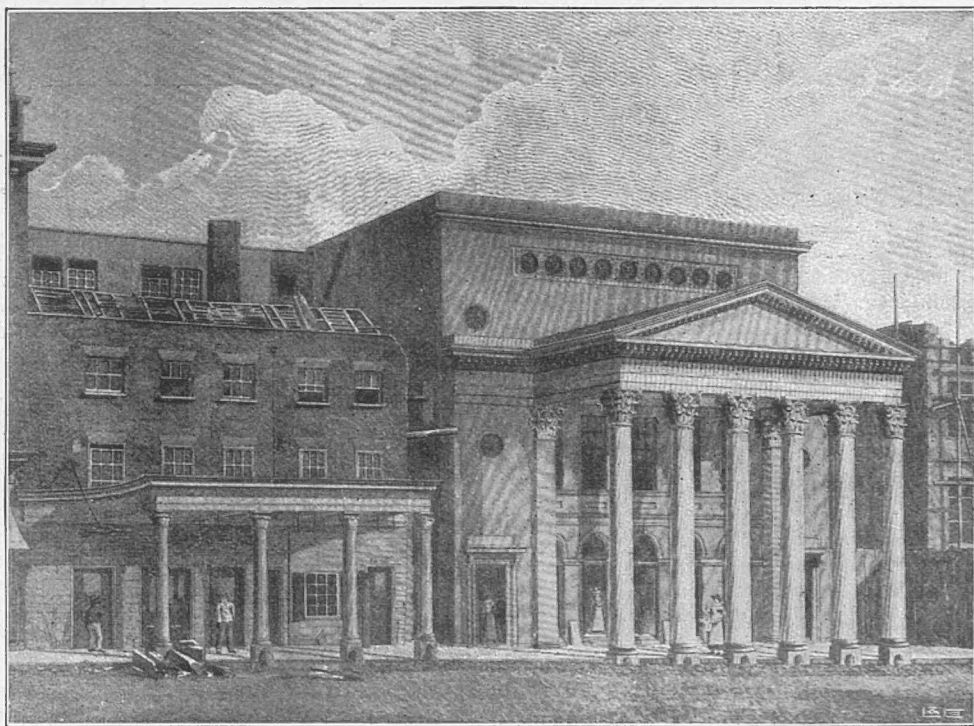


OPENING NIGHT AT THE ROYAL HAYMARKET, JULY 4, 1821.

legs (by amputation), and, by way of solatium, the Duke obtained for him a royal licence or patent to set forth plays at the Little Theatre for the rest of his life. By this he was encouraged to purchase the lease of the premises, to incorporate with the theatre a house in Little Suffolk Street, to remove two shops in the frontage, and to build a portico.

In 1776 Foote transferred his interest in the theatre to George Colman the elder. In the following year he died, and, his patent expiring with him, Colman and his successors had to be contented with an annual licence (first issued in 1779). In 1794 Colman died, and his son reigned in his stead. The younger Colman produced at the Haymarket his "Heir-at-Law" and "Poor Gentleman." Among those who acted there during his régime were Elliston, Emery, Fawcett, Suett, Liston, John Bannister, Charles Kemble, Edmund Kean, Charles Young, Mrs. Mountain, and Mrs. Davenport. In 1805 there was a riot there over a piece called "The Tailors." To 1810 belongs the first appearance of the notorious "Romeo" Coates.

But the career of the Little Theatre was then drawing to a close. In 1820 Morris (Colman's brother-in-law) became the lessee, and at once signalled the fact by causing the structure to be demolished. Immediately to the south of it (as will be seen in our illustration) he erected the theatre which Messrs. Maude and Harrison are about to re-open. The design was by Nash, and included the Corinthian portico so well known to us all. The auditorium was practically a parallelogram in form, with three rows of boxes along each of the two longer sides, and the pit extending to the orchestra. The building, which is said to have cost from eighteen to twenty thousand pounds, was lighted by oil and spermaceti candles. The opening took place on July 4, 1821, the play being "The Rivals," in which Mrs. Harry Johnstone appeared as Lydia, Mrs. Chatterley as Julia, Mrs. Pearce as Mrs. Malaprop, Terry as Sir Anthony, De Camp as Captain Absolute, and Tayleure as Acres. Space forbids that we should record here even a tithe of the memorable things said and done in Nash's edifice under the auspices of its successive managers; a few, however, may be selected for particular mention. For example, there is the production in 1825 of Poole's comedy, "Paul Pry," which ran on into 1827, Liston, as Pry, being succeeded by John Reeve. In 1829 Benjamin Webster joined the company, and in the same year the name of John Baldwin Buckstone appeared in the bills as that of the author of "The Happiest Day of My Life." Buckstone was a favourite writer for the Haymarket at this time, his "Second Thoughts," "Rural Felicity," "Married Life,"



HAYMARKET, 1821, SHOWING THE OLD THEATRE PREVIOUS TO DEMOLITION.



## SMALL TALK.

## MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY.

*To-Day, Oct. 21.*

Mr. A. Akers-Douglas, M.P., *b.* 1851.  
 Mr. Sims Reeves, *b.* 1821.  
 Mr. Baron Pollock, *b.* 1823.

*To-Morrow, Oct. 22.*

The Empress of Germany.  
 Madame Sarah Bernhardt.  
 The Marquis of Hertford, *b.* 1843.

*Friday, Oct. 23.*

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, M.P., *b.* 1837.  
 The Countess of Dunraven.  
 Mr. Justice Grantham, *b.* 1835.

*Saturday, Oct. 24.*

The Marquis of Ripon, K.G., *b.* 1827.  
 Major-General G. Luck, C.B., *b.* 1840.  
 The Hon. H. Plunkett, M.P., *b.* 1855.

*Sunday, Oct. 25.*

Mr. Sydney C. Buxton, M.P., *b.* 1853.  
 Mrs. Pender-Cudlip (Annie Thomas).  
 Mr. Arthur W. A'Beckett, *b.* 1844.

*Monday, Oct. 26.*

Sir Frederick Peel, K.C.B., *b.* 1823.  
 Basile Vereschagen, *b.* 1842.  
 Lord Skelmersdale, R.H.G., *b.* 1864.

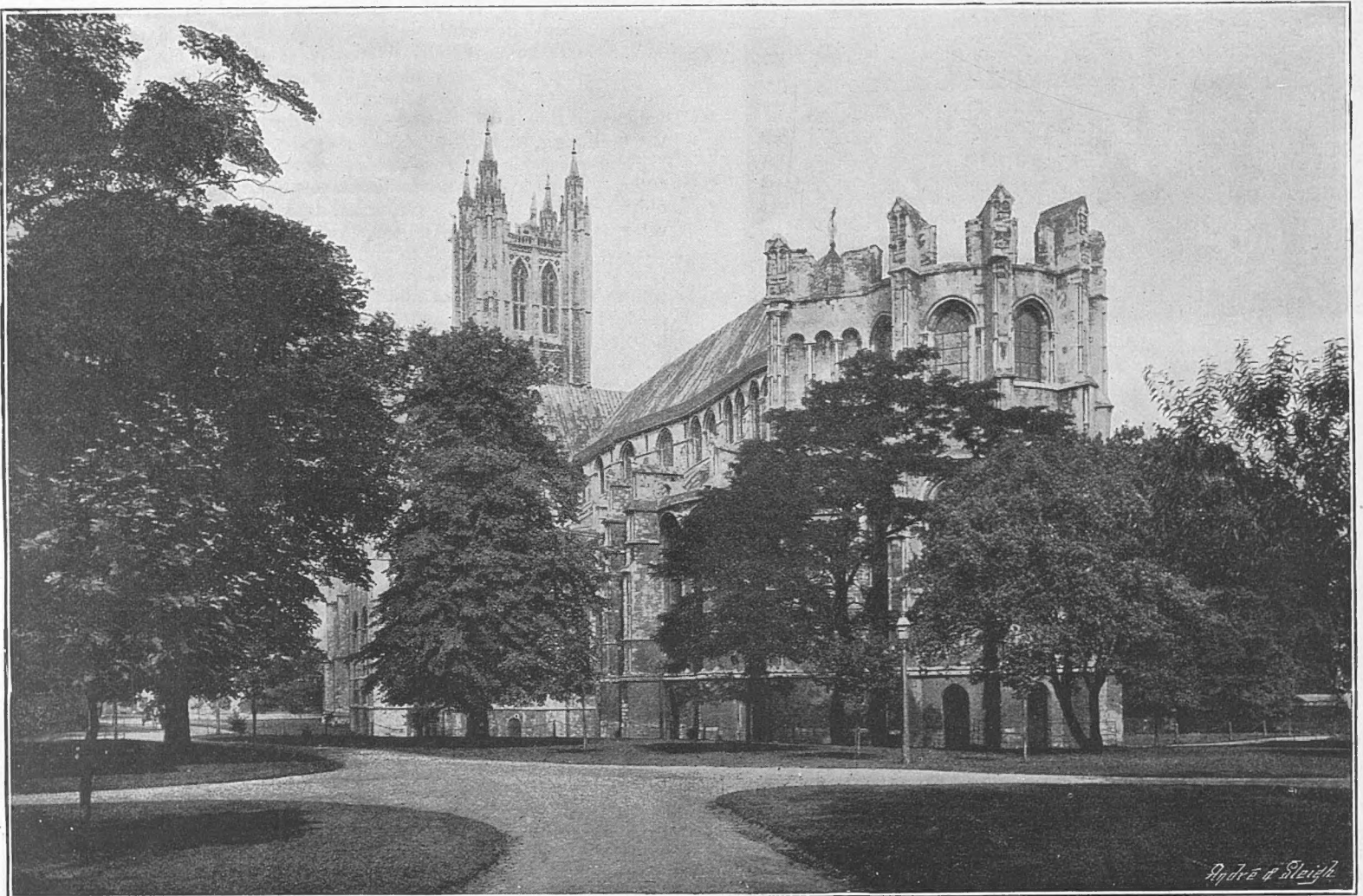
*Tuesday, Oct. 27.*

Earl Spencer, K.G., *b.* 1835. Sir William J. Ingram, Bart., *b.* 1847.  
 Professor Montagu Burrows, F.S.A., Oxford, *b.* 1819.

Several quite beautiful points of law with most charming difficulties were raised by the attempt to comply with the late Archbishop of

willing to make over his right in favour of the Archbishop. A precedent was found in the case of a Bishop of Ely in years gone by, and the official mind was at rest. Thus can the provisions of the most obstinate law be made—the authorities being willing—to yield to the pressure of sentiment. It is worth observing that no similar difficulty arises in the case of interments in Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's Cathedral. The Burial Act of 1852 expressly provides that they shall be outside the prohibition and be permitted on the authority of her Majesty's sign-manual.

It is, I believe, nearly three centuries and a half since Canterbury Cathedral was used as a place of sepulture for the Primate of England. The immediate predecessor of Archbishop Benson in this connection was the celebrated Cardinal Pole, who breathed his last on Nov. 18, 1558, only two-and-twenty hours later than the mistress to whom he was so devoted—Mary of "Bloody" memory—had been called to her last account. The Cardinal, who was the last of England's Primates who "was honoured or disgraced by the red hat," lay in state in Lambeth Palace for forty days, and was then carried with much pomp to Canterbury, where a discourse was delivered in both English and Latin, setting forth his many virtues, and recalling the good work he had done for Mother Church. Masses, too, were said for



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRITH, REIGATE.

Canterbury's desire to be buried in his Cathedral. In the year 1855 an Order of the Queen in Council put a stop to future burials in or around Canterbury Cathedral, among other places. Similar Orders affecting the majority of ancient burial-grounds or populous places throughout England are constantly being made in pursuance of the policy initiated by the Burial Acts of 1852 and 1853. On and after the date mentioned in such Orders the law is clear and peremptory that no burials shall take place within the limits prescribed by the Order, except—in there any Act of Parliament without an exception?—in certain cases, to wit, where any right of interment in any spot within such limits existed in the year 1853. In these cases the Home Secretary may, on being satisfied that the exercise of such right will not be injurious to health, grant licence for its exercise, subject to any conditions that he may think fit to impose. Hence the necessity for applying to Sir Matthew White Ridley on behalf of the late Archbishop.

But not so fast! Where was the right of interment which is so necessary a preliminary? Seeing that no Archbishop had been buried in Canterbury since the Reformation, it was evidently impossible to establish the existence of any such right. Here was a deadlock. Happy thought! Somebody must surely be in possession, by inheritance or otherwise, of the necessary right, and he would doubtless be able and

the repose of his soul, notwithstanding the accession of a Protestant Sovereign. Cardinal Pole, in accordance with his own request, was buried in the Chapel of St. Thomas, and the spot where the dust of the proud prelate rests is denoted by the brief inscription: "Depositum Cardinalis Poli." The Archbishops who followed the Cardinal and preceded Dr. Benson were, I believe, laid to rest either in Croydon Church or at Addington.

Visitors to the New Forest have noted the monument which marks the spot where William Rufus was shot by Sir Walter Tyrrell. The body of the King was removed by a local charcoal-burner named Purkiss. It is not generally known that his descendants still live close by, and still carry on the business of charcoal-burning. Indeed, the Purkisses of the New Forest are as proud of their unbroken line of charcoal-burners for eight hundred years as any aristocrat of his genealogical tree.

Dr. Parker yearns for war. He told an astonished congregation at the City Temple—if his congregation still retains any capacity for astonishment—that the country could not attain a healthy religious and moral condition except through blood, and plenty of it. This certainly suggests some obvious reflections as to the moral and religious condition of Dr. Parker.



The resources of Tommy Atkins are multifarious. Whether he is at home or abroad, he is never at a loss for a diversion to occupy his leisure hours. The accompanying sketch illustrates a tablet designed and executed by two soldiers of artistic proclivities while on a course of field-training at Fort Musta, Malta. The tablet, which is very neatly executed, is erected in one of the walls of the fort, and is the object of much interest to visitors. The adaptability of the average soldier has long been proverbial, but his advent into the realms of art will come as something in the nature of a surprise to his admirers, and the development of this latest accomplishment will be watched with interest.



A MILITARY MEMORIAL.

true, why is Tommy's tunic more obnoxious to the fine taste of the customers than corduroy? I wonder that some enterprising morning or evening print does not appoint a special commissioner to fathom this mystery. The *Daily Telegraph* ought not to leave us bursting in ignorance. We are always raving about the heroism of our troops, and yet we permit the British uniform to carry a social stigma which, for some inexplicable reason, is not visited upon the bluejacket.

A marked improvement has taken place with every issue of the *Navy and Army Illustrated*. I have just received copies of two special numbers, one dealing with the Military Manœuvres, published last Friday. The other, to be published to-day, is the first of a series of special numbers dealing with "The Battle Honours of the Services." In each of these supplements will be given the story of a battleship from the name first appearing in the Navy, and the history of a regiment from its enrolment. The story of the many ships that have borne the illustrious name of *Revenge* and the stirring tale of military achievement and renown connected with the Life Guards form the first supplement. It is admirably done.

The Special Committee of the Social Purity Branch of the British Women's Temperance Association has distinguished itself in all the solemn absurdity of its name over the music-hall licences. The new campaign has made more conspicuous than ever the folly of people who imagine that places of public entertainment must be conducted according to their ideas of propriety. One lady gravely declared that allusions to baby-linen were indecent, and that to talk about a woman looking under a bed for a man was obscene. Another precious witness, who was hard of hearing, had to sit very near the stage at the Oxford to hear a song about the "New Photography." He was shocked by a suggestion that women might be photographed in bed. There was great indignation over a song in which something is said about nature taking its course. The audience appears to have put "a wrong interpretation" on this; therefore the song was condemned. These are fair samples of the nonsense submitted to the Theatres and Music-halls Committee as reasons against the Oxford licence. What the Social Purity Branch demands, in effect, is that no songs shall be sung which would be deemed unseemly diversion at a meeting of the British Women's Temperance Association. This criterion of popular amusement has little chance of getting itself established. It would be well if the County Council were to point out definitely that, while prohibiting flagrant indecency, they cannot make war on the taste for broad jokes. Breadth of humour is perfectly consistent with a wholesome mind, though that simple fact in human nature may be incomprehensible to people with no humour and no minds.

I have kept a rather good story of the recently departed Li Hung Chang until now for obvious reasons; but the time has come when it may be told without offence to susceptibilities. Not very far from the great Chinaman's temporary abode dwells a benevolent gentleman who is the proud possessor of a particular breed of dogs. In order to show

his respect for our august visitor, he decided to present him with one of these beautiful creatures, and acted upon the decision at the very earliest opportunity. The animal he sent was practically priceless, and the donor awaited with interest the recognition of his gift. It came. A letter bearing the Mandarin's autograph expressed grateful thanks, and went on to say that Li himself was too old to risk the luxury, but his staff had enjoyed the present very much. This was bad enough; but to add to the mischief the story got about, and when his jocular friends met the giver of valuable dogs they would bark as though by accident, and give him to understand that the story was too good to be lost. Now that the excitement has died down, I cannot resist the temptation of placing the case upon record. It is amusing, and it is absolutely true.

You know, of course, that a savoy is a kind of cabbage. Now Mr. Arthur Symons' monthly is covered in green; and yet I always think how strangely it differs from the other products of the Kailyard, grown with such sedulous care of the reverend writers. The October number of the *Savoy* is not so raw as some of its predecessors. Mr. Theodore Wratislaw, the singer of orchids, has done a bold thing by translating the magnificent ballade which Villon, the father of the entire *Savoy* school of young man, "made for himself and his companions when expecting to be hanged with them." That is bold, because Mr. Swinburne did it so splendidly years ago, turning the lurid refrain into the fine line, "But pray to God that He forgive us all." Mr. Wratislaw comes forward with "But pray that God may show us all mercy"—a poor substitute, all the more that you have to read the last word "merci" to rhyme with "try." The story "Elsa," by the author of "A Mere Man," is painful, though cleverly done. Mr. Havlock Ellis takes off his coat, like one of the little vagabonds at the Princess's, on behalf of Mr. Hardy and "Jude the Obscure." Mr. Beardsley's contributions become beautifully less, but the quality of his "Death of Pierrot" is startling. Mr. Symons seems to be at sea in the matter of policy, and I am not surprised that the *Savoy* is "to be discontinued" after the December issue. The euphemism is touching.

Have you ever tried Vigor's horse-action saddle? It is really a capital substitute for horse-riding, a five minutes' morning ride on it "bracing one up for the rest of the day," to quote the words of Mr. Jefferson Seligman, of New York. The ex-President of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, Dr. George Fleming, C.B., says that by this machine "the imitation of a horse's movements at different paces has been very successfully accomplished." But this is a mere detail. The desideratum of the machine is the providing of the right sort of exercise for the home. It can always be seen in action at the dépôt, 21, Baker Street, W.

When the Czar dined President Faure at the Russian Embassy in Paris, they drank Laurent Perrier champagne "Sans Sucre" 1889. Here is the menu of the occasion.



A MENU FOR THE CZAR.



On Monday the Court of Common Council of the Corporation of the City of London presented the Duke of Cambridge with a marble bust of himself and an address in recognition of his services as Commander-in-Chief. The address was contained in a gold casket (the work of Elkington), oblong in shape, Victorian in style, and resting on four guns. The lid is domed, and supports a figure of Britannia, with shield and



lion, and holding in one hand the trident and with the other presenting a laurel to the hero. Below are the arms, supporters, motto, and crest of the City of London. The crest of the Duke is arranged at the corners, and his portrait, painted in enamel, appears, with flags, lances, swords, &c., on each side of the medallion. The reverse side gives the full coat-of-arms of the Duke, and a series of ribbons bearing the names of the various battles in which he was engaged.

Many methods by which that arch-manager P. T. Barnum used to draw crowds have passed into history, but I am indebted to an American gentleman whom I met at dinner the other evening for a very amusing personal experience that has never had the glory of print. He was in Chicago with a friend many years ago, before Barnum was world-renowned, and consequently careful. Passing the home of his wonders one afternoon, my friend saw a very big poster, depicting a huge crocodile from the Nile with a bull in its mouth; and underneath this advertisement, in big letters, he and his companion read as follows—

LIVE CROCODILE FROM THE NILE.  
THE LARGEST EVER KNOWN.  
CAN TAKE A LIVE BULL IN HIS MOUTH.

This startling attraction could not be resisted, and so the friends paid their quarter-dollar and ranged the huge building in search of the Nile crocodile. Monstrosities of every sort were to be seen, but of the particular object of their search there was no trace. Highly indignant, they went to the entrance, invaded the manager in his room, and demanded the instant return of their money, on the ground of fraud. "Guess there's no fraud about it," remarked the manager composedly. "Go right back, and you'll see the Nile crocodile behind the door on the fourth floor—there's no fraud anywhere in this show; you can't miss it."

Back they both went, and manfully climbed four lofty flights of steps. At last the fourth floor was reached, and behind the door, in a covered tank about eight feet square, was the crocodile, alive and biting, but not big enough to bite a calf, let alone a bull. Feeling very angry indeed, the toilers returned to the manager's office and gave that worthy as much of their mind as they could spare. The manager never spoke a word until they were both exhausted, and then, without altering his habitual drawl, addressed the pair in pure American. "Wal," he said, "you reckon you're mighty smart, but this show's run straight. The beast upstairs is a pure crocodile from the River Nile, and we've men of science to prove it. There's nothing of an alligator about the creature; it's just what we call it. Don't interrupt me; I know what you're going to say. 'The largest ever known can take a live bull in his mouth'; we have that from naturalists, and they don't lie. The one upstairs isn't the largest ever known; it's just the smallest ever known. When it grows there's no reason why it shouldn't take a bull in its mouth, just as its father and grandfather did before it. I guess this is a straight show, and you'll not get your money back. We've said nothing that isn't true; we've got naturalists and scientists on our side. Good-day, gentlemen!"

I note with pleasure that the *British Medical Journal* has turned its powerful pen against the abuse of jockey-making, and has pointed out the damage done to many constitutions by "wasting" for races. Few novelists have placed upon record the life of the stable-boy who aspires to become a jockey, or have dealt adequately with the privations, dangers, and temptations of his career. George Moore deals briefly with the matter in his powerful novel "Esther Waters," but very much remains to be said. The *British Medical Journal* sums up the matter when it points out that very few men are born jockeys—that is, have small build, strong nerve, and no tendency to run to fat. The lad who can ride well and use his brain as well as his body may, and often does, make weight just as his career with all its valuable chances is opening to him; then to fit himself for the saddle his sufferings are almost incredible. My acquaintance with men whose life is spent among horses leads me to believe that they regard "wasting" as a thing that may be safely done, and must be rigorously insisted upon. I once spoke to a trainer on the subject, and his reply was very characteristic: "My good sir, it's the best thing in the world to keep a man or a boy or an animal from running to fat." He was an ideal for a jockey, less than five feet in height, the constitution of a paving-stone, and without an atom of superfluous flesh. I am glad to see an eminent authority declare that jockeys are better born than made.

There is a feeling of intense dissatisfaction among the younger writers of light musical comedy and comic opera with the way in which their work is handled by managers. Of course, a perfect *entente* between manager and writer is well-nigh impossible, and many authors are as sensitive as dramatic critics who write poetry; but there is no small ground for complaint if half the statements I hear are correct. The people who finance undertakings of comic-opera nature have usually a motive beyond the domain of commerce. It is not necessary to analyse that motive, though it is matter for protest when it brings about the demolition of a man's work and the insertion of a farrago of rubbish that damages the prestige of the house and the reputation of the alleged writer. Many a man, after contracting to supply a book, sees it handled for curious purposes by the gentleman who finances the undertaking, until he is almost ashamed to have his name put to the product of interested stupidity.

My fancy was immensely tickled by some recent intelligence from Madagascar. The despatch told how the wife of the French Resident-General was, during a Court reception, attacked by the intoxicated sister of the Malagasy Queen, was badly scratched, and had her dress torn, her husband also being roughly handled in endeavouring to defend her. The apparent incongruity between the rank of the personages concerned and the Borough and Bowery manners displayed, caused me, I confess, to roar and roar again, and my mirth was shared by everyone to whom I showed the paragraph.

We are well within sight of a Photograph-cum-Phonograph Exhibition; at least, this I gather from the remarks of the manager at a private performance of some new Animated Photographs given at the Polytechnic the other afternoon. The chief feature of the entertainment was a new picture representing M. Auguste Van Biene and two of his comrades taking part in the last scene of "The Broken Melody," and it seems that the actor-musician, who is just starting on his American tour, has played into the phonograph several of his selections on the 'cello, to aid in this combined entertainment. It will be interesting to watch the effects of this dual alliance of sight and sound.

In speaking of Mr. Forbes-Robertson's appearing in the North, the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch* described the adapter of "For the Crown" as "Mr. John Davidson, a West of Scotland littérateur."

The Mikado is a name to conjure with elsewhere than at the Savoy. He is a person of enormous note away at Finsbury Park, in the kennels of Mrs. C. W. Hull, at Woodberry Grove. That lady is quite an

enthusiast for Japanese dogs. Bright and merry little animals, they are to be seen running races and tumbling one another over on a spacious lawn, or sunning themselves in a window from which they can be seen by passers-by, from whom they get the admiration so dear to their sensitive (I will not say vain) little hearts. Dia Mikado, who in December will have completed his fourth year of life, was first shown at Brighton when under a year old. He then took a first and special. Since then he has gone on adding to his list of honours, at Edinburgh, Parbold, Hoole, Bedford, Liverpool, Oldham,



DIA MIKADO.  
Photo by Mercer, Southport.

the Aquarium, Westminster, and at Holland Park, in June last. He has a keen memory for his friends, and is untiring in greeting them with the prettiest of chin-chins. Ut Sukushu Inu, who is a few months older than Dia Mikado, is also known to "the fancy" as a prize-winner, and has won from Mr. Sprague (who, perhaps, knows more about dogs than any man in England) the verdict of having the best head of any Jap in the country. He is the sire of a litter of some lovely puppies—tiny mites, one strongly resembling himself, and two others pure white, except for pale-lemon coloured ears; they are a merry trio, full of fun, constantly getting into mischief, as all healthy and happy puppies should, and ere very long will make their debut as show dogs. O'Yara San is a fastidious little lady, caring for no one but her mistress, and very much on her dignity alike with canines and humans. Altogether they make delightful living pictures, with their silky coats, with the vivid contrasts of brilliant black and white, their graceful shapes, quick movements, and intense vitality. Mrs. Hull gives Japanese spaniels the highest praise for keen intelligence, which, she says, far exceeds that of any breed of English toy spaniels, and tells many a tale of their pretty ways, their vanity—for, certainly, of all pet dogs they are the most fond of admiration—and their many other endearing qualities.



A FRENCH POODLE.



Every morning as I pass the old Opera House in Pall Mall I note some new inroad of the destroyer's hand—now a chimney-stack, now a balustrade, now a coping—always something. The poor old place is in a sad way. What would Sir John Vanbrugh, who built it first in 1705, think of it to-day? When it was burnt in 1789, he might have felt compensated by the second structure that rose on the ruins, especially as the colonnade was added, and stood the fire which gutted the place again in 1867. From that date, however, the history of the house has not been happy. It was not opened for operatic performances till eleven years later, and even then it often went tenantless. Yet I am sorry for it in its present state. It makes me moralise—

Ah me! we indeed are but dust,  
A prey to the moth and the rust;  
For here is the shrine where the goddess of song  
Was held as divine by society's throng,  
The veriest shell,  
Where pigeons may dwell.  
It falls as the best of us must.

The ravager's hammer and spade  
Have started their merciless raid—  
The chimney and wall, the stucco and brick,  
Must haplessly fall to the pitiless pick,  
While touches of scorn  
Are dejectedly borne  
By the wreck of the old colonnade.

I picture the day of its fame,  
I dream of the duchess or dame  
Who went to the play in a gorgeous sedan,  
Which the folk on the way were accustomed to scan  
With a curious eye,  
As my lady went by  
In the glare of the link-fellow's flame.

My fancy can readily catch  
A glimpse of the powder and patch  
That the ladies of yore, in their wonderful gowns,  
Were won't to adore in the ups and the downs  
That are doled by the years,  
When sorrows and tears  
All beauty would bitterly snatch.

It needs not the spell of the sage  
To conjure up sights of the stage,  
Where the knight in the scene serenaded his love—  
Who'd commonly lean from a window above,  
And blow him a kiss;  
For a pert little Miss  
Was the heroine known to the age.

The amorous tenors are dead,  
The lollypop maestros have fled;  
And ruin has come to the shrine that they served,  
For Pan has grown dumb, he is sadly unnerved  
By the noise and the clang  
Of the hammers that bang,  
As the ruins fall over his head.

I have already reproduced Mr. Dudley Hardy's clever poster for "A Night Out," in which the old gentleman with the chest-protector is surrounded by his trembling daughters. Now I am able to give a photograph of these merry maids in their night-dresses.



THE YOUNG NIGHT-OUTERS AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

Photo by Hana, Strand.

Mr. Barnato's patriotism has again asserted itself in his gift of two marble lions to Mr. Krüger. It is intended, no doubt, to be a pleasant reminder to the President that the lion is a peculiarly British beast. This might be effective enough if Mr. Krüger did not live in Africa.



Reproduced by permission of David Allen and Sons, Belfast.

Besides, the Barnato lions, being marble, cannot roar, or show other signs of dissatisfaction. Mr. Krüger may sit on the back of one of them and placidly dictate a disagreeable despatch to the Colonial Office. On the whole, Mr. Barnato's munificence does not give us the idea that allegory is his line.

I must congratulate Mr. Hassall on his latest poster, made for "Newmarket," at the Opera Comique. Of course, he has followed the recipe which an American poet recently gave to the poster artist—

Pray be careful that you're never true to nature!

Pray be wary lest you're ever true to Art!  
Not a touch of beauty give to human features  
(If you dare do that, my boy, you'll break my heart);

Make a purple sun against a salmon mountain;  
Paint a torrent every wave of which is brown;

Spread a figure in the middle, wrestling with a tall horse-fiddle,

All the colours ranged in strata on her gown.

But the poster is undeniably effective. The man's coat is coloured a lightish yellow, while the girl is coated in red, with a black skirt. The sky is a palish pink, and the mountain is, indeed, dark salmony. On one point, nevertheless, Mr. Hassall is out of date, for the hair of Poppy is golden, and, as you will see, it is hanging down her back. Now, I have recently seen it demonstrated that golden hair is no more in fashion, for

The Johnnies no longer are fond  
Of the beautiful, bountiful blonde;  
So she's changing her tress  
To dark, more or less,  
Instead of the gold of Golconda.

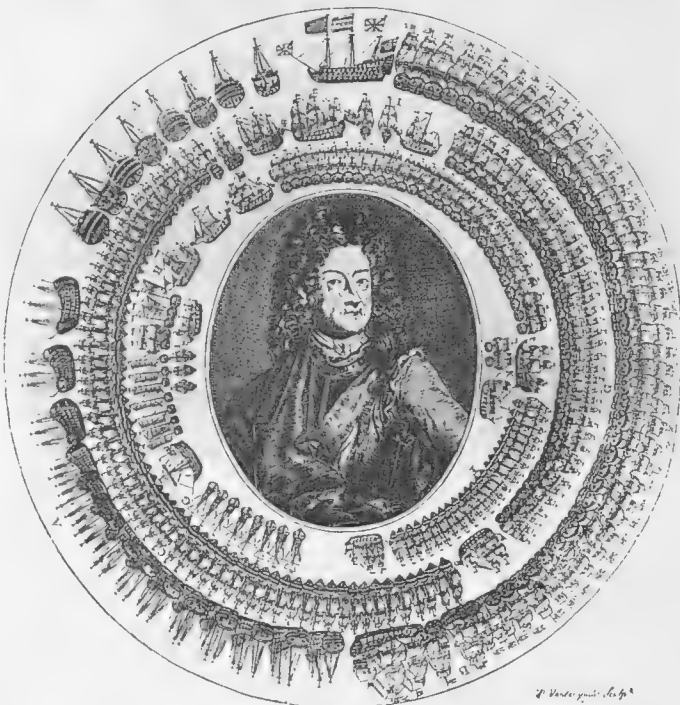


Apropos of my recent paragraph about the flying-fish balloon, the makers, Messrs. Spencer and Sons, of Holloway, write me that the balloon was engaged by the late Sir Augustus Harris to make ascents from the grounds of Olympia, Kensington, and made several there prior to the decease of Sir Augustus. Olympia was afterwards closed, but the "gorgeous, wide-eyed monster" which so impressed those who witnessed its ascents did not make captive ascents at Earl's Court Exhibition, as stated by me. Their gigantic balloon, the "Majestic," was hired for that purpose. This balloon, the largest in the world (with the exception of that with which Herr Andree has *not* yet reached the North Pole), has a capacity of 100,000 cubic feet, and, when inflated with hydrogen gas, will carry twenty passengers. When worked as a captive balloon, it is fitted with a powerful steel cable, and ascents are made to a height of from five hundred to a thousand feet, six ascents being made per hour. The balloon itself is fitted with every perfected appliance, including a rope-ladder, by means of which the aeronauts may mount to the zenith in case of need.

This week I have dealt pictorially with the death of Nelson, which a hurdy-gurdy that visits Milford Lane weekly never will let me forget,

## GEORGIUS.

Dei Gratia, *MAGNÆ BRITANIÆ, FRANCIÆ & HIBERNIÆ*  
Rex, Fidei Defensor: *BRUNSWICK & LUNENBURGH*  
Dux, SRI Arch-Thesaurarius & Elector & Inauguratus,  
20. Octobris, 1714.



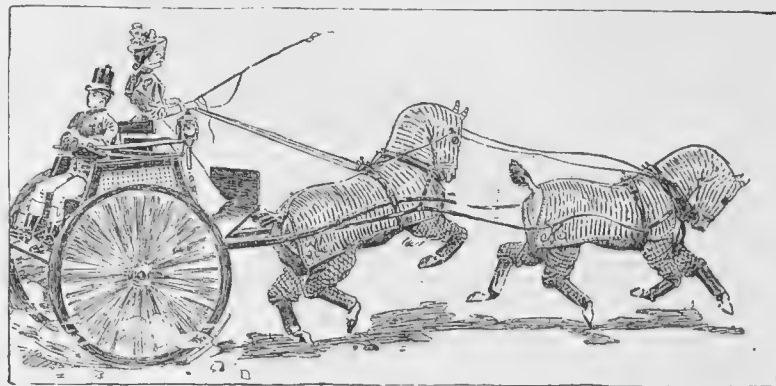
### His MAJESTY's Royal Navy.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| A. A. Is the Seven First Rates, and Fourteen Second Rates Unrigg'd, and Lying in a Harbour. | D. Is Forty Fifth Rates, Under-fail.     |
| B. Is Five and Forty Third Rates Fore-shorned, with the Heads toward, Under-fail.           | E. Is Thirty Fire Ships, Under-fail.     |
| C. Three and Sixty Fourth Rates Fore-shorned, and with the Sterns toward.                   | F. Is Four and Twenty Sixth Rates.       |
|   | G. Is Nine Bomb Vessels.                 |
|   | H. Is Fifteen Yachts, or Pleasure Boats. |
|   | I. Is Ten Advice Boats.                  |

### OUR NAVY NINETY YEARS BEFORE TRAFALGAR.

even if I would. It is ninety-one years to-day since Trafalgar was fought. Just look at our Navy as it was, pictured in the old print I have had reproduced, ninety-two years *before* the great day. George I. was King, and he was proud of his wooden walls. How grandly he looks out from among the crowd of sail and yawning port-holes! Britannia, of course, had gloried in her Navy since the morning when she rubbed her eyes and grandly asked, "Where are the galleons of Spain?" Indeed, the sea was a tradition with even the dregs of the Stuarts. James II., when living in exile, the guest of Louis XIV., at Saint Germain, always exulted in any sea victory gained by "my brave tars," whom he had commanded when Duke of York; and after the Battle of the Hague, which practically put an end to all the Stuart hopes, the ex-royal admiral gave serious offence to the French Court by the eager interest which he showed in everything concerning the British Fleet. When George I. ascended the throne he found himself nominally possessed of the finest Navy in the world. Sir George Rooke, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, and gallant Hopson had carried out the work begun by their immediate predecessors, and had made the name of Britain feared all over the Continent. How primitive look those redoubtable bomb-vessels and the fire-ships which played their part in making a roaring scene!

Middle. Anna Held, who was at the Palace Theatre this summer, has made up for the lukewarmness of London by the enthusiasm of New Yorkers. *The Sketch* has told you how dogs are tailored. Anna—"the name of names for me," as Mr. Henley has it—has gone one better, and trousered her smart cobs. The outfit consists of overcoats, ear-mits, hoods, gaiters, knee-caps, and trousers. The latter are of dark-brown Kersey cloth. They buckle closely around the top of the hoof, over the smartest of white



MIDDLE. ANNA HELD AND HER TROUSERED COBS.

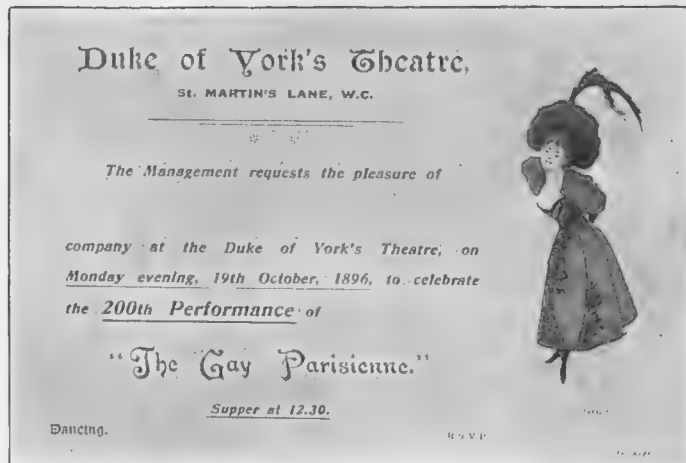
gaiters. At the top they are well fitted on to the thigh, and a strap goes over from one to meet the other on top of the back, which, when tightly buckled, makes all fear of embarrassing accidents needless. Around both top and bottom is an inch-wide border of darkest red. The coat is of the same rich brown. It is sleeveless, and fitted tightly across the back and sides, lapping neatly a bit below the trousers. A picturesque curve surmounts the joining end of the tail, and a gentle strap fastens it securely around that adjunct to horse-swell-dom. And, to cap all, about the neck is closely fitted a hood, which reaches not only to the horse's ears, but sharply ascends and divides to cover them. Then on down over the face and nose goes the protecting Kersey, and around the neck and chest, where it is trimly buckled to meet the trousers.

This reminds me that one of the younger Rothschilds, on her marriage to M. Maurice Ephrussi, insisted on having her two terriers among the wedding-party. They were both clad for the occasion in appropriate wedding-garments, and at the time the bride's eccentric fancy occasioned a good deal of talk and excited not a little ridicule. Now, however, it is quite usual to see a newly married couple go off on their honeymoon accompanied by at least one gaily attired pet dog, and it is said that a well-known and very popular Abbé caused much anger last winter by declaring that he did not think it at all suitable that his fair parishioners should be accompanied to church by their four-footed "Tou-Tous."

Two recent books published by Mr. Heinemann have covers designed by Mr. James McNeill Whistler—"A Book of Scoundrels," by Charles Whibley, and "Below the Salt," by C. E. Raimond.

Scented night-caps, for the use of ladies, are now talked about. "Quousque tandem, Catilina?"

"The Gay Parisienne," which celebrated her two hundredth performance on Monday, is the first mascotte that the Duke of York's Theatre has had. To Miss Louie Freear, I think, must be attributed a great share of that good luck. Miss Ada Reeve, of course, who has



"THE GAY PARISIENNE'S" INVITATION TO A HOP.

been represented by Mr. Hana in the accompanying photograph after the manner of Mr. Julius M. Price's poster, is very dainty, of course, especially in the nigger ditty about Sambo, where she trips a Stratton-step. In honour of the great occasion, Mr. Michael Levenston invited his friends to a hop in the theatre on Monday night, after the show.



The transformation of the old Manor Rooms, Hackney, into a theatre, the two theatres projected at Deptford by Miss Cissy Grahame and Mr. J. B. Mulholland respectively, and new houses at Kilburn and Dalston—such are the latest factors in the enormous development of suburban theatredom. Good judges hold provokingly diverse opinions with respect to the influence of the new movement on the fortunes of West-End playhouses. For the moment, my opinions are only in the “pious” stage.

Miss Rose Meller, who for a night or two successfully replaced Miss Edith Jordan as Nellie in “The Duchess of Coolgardie,” is wife of Mr. Edward O'Neill, who is playing Bendigo Bill in the new Drury Lane drama. I have before spoken of the excellent and varied work done by these two most intelligent artists.

“The Merciless World” is the taking title of a new melodrama, packed with exciting scenes, by Mr. Herbert Leonard, that has just been brought out at the Lyric, Hammersmith. Mr. Herbert Leonard is connected in various ways with Mr. George Conquest, for he has for the past year been acting-manager at the Surrey Theatre, and a few months ago he married Miss Laura Dyson, whose delightful performances as a soubrette have been so much appreciated at her relative's popular theatre. Earlier pieces by Mr. Leonard that I remember are “Light Ahead,” a nautical drama, and “The Enemy's Camp,” a play concerned with Chilian affairs. He is now engaged, in collaboration with well-known writers, upon several more dramas.

Mr. Bancroft, encouraged, no doubt, by the success of his former efforts in the same direction, will give another recital of Dickens's “Christmas Carol” on Monday, Nov. 23. This time the recital will be given in the large Queen's Hall, which, in spite of its size, should be well filled, inasmuch as Mr. Bancroft will be reciting on behalf of the Cancer Wards at the Middlesex Hospital.

Mr. Richard Mansfield, who has always been watching the course of events at the Lyceum since his season there some years back, is reported to be contemplating a revival of “Cymbeline.” In this, furthermore, he would sustain the part of Iachimo.

In Boston, just as in Paris and in London, “Les Deux Gosses”—or its English equivalents—is compared favourably with “Les Deux Orphelins,” or its English equivalent. “Two Little Vagrants” is the name of the version translated and adapted by Mr. Charles Klein, and produced with brilliant success, under the auspices of Mr. Charles Frohman, at the Boston Museum. Mr. Klein has retained the French names, Misses Jessie Busley and Minnie Dupree appearing respectively as Fan-Fan and Claudinet, and Mr. E. J. Radcliffe and Miss Mary Hampton filling the rôles of husband and wife.

The cast of Oscar Hammerstein's comic opera, “Santa Maria,” to which I have previously referred, includes, besides Miss Marie Halton and Miss Camille d'Arville, an old London favourite, Miss Lucille Saunders, and her husband, Mr. Albert McGuckin.

Since my paragraphs on the various dramas based on the Armenian atrocities were originally written, the Lord Chamberlain—or perhaps I

should say, Mr. Redford—has rudely extinguished the hopes of the provincial actor-dramatists concerned by refusing absolutely to license any play on the Armenian question until the present crisis is over. No doubt, in the circumstances, this was a right and proper course to adopt, but, all the same, it seems rather hard lines upon the authors. One of them, I happen to know, had advertised his piece largely, and had booked some excellent dates, which, of course, he is now obliged to have “transferred.” The matter appears to me to point the moral that there is such a thing as being too up-to-date.

“A Crown of Thorns,” the drama by Gilbert Elliott and Max Goldberg, that fills the first stage in the present intercalary season at the Olympic, was successfully produced at the Eden Theatre, Brighton, on Sept. 7. The leading part, played by the joint author Mr. Gilbert Elliott, is a Hungarian nobleman, Count Maurice Vauthier, who during the French Revolution troubles is condemned to death. The guillotine beneath which he is placed fails to work three times, like the gallows in “Saved from the Sea,” and hence the hero of “A Crown of Thorns” is saved to wed his betrothed, Saionara.

Miss May Cross, one of the daughters of Miss Emily Cross, is making rapid headway in the profession, and has advanced so far as to play Trilby in one of Mr. Abud's touring companies.

Miss Maxine Elliot, who made such a favourable impression in London with Mr. Daly's company during their season in 1895, recently went out to Australia under engagement with Nat Goodwin, the well-known American actor, and it seems that her appearance with the company has led to trouble between Mr. Goodwin and his whilom leading lady, Miss Blanche Walsh, who has now thrown up her engagement in dudgeon and has returned home to America, leaving Miss Elliot mistress of the field. Altogether, it seems a very pretty quarrel. Miss Blanche Walsh was recently one of the American exponents of Trilby.

Ever since the original production of T. W. Robertson's “Ours,” the poignancy of the emotions caused by the close of the

second act has been attributed largely to the author's artistic adroitness in making the departure of the troops for the Crimea take place “off.” Now I see that on a recent revival of the famous play at San Francisco, spectacular effects, after the manner of Drury Lane dramas, were introduced, a full band and some hundred stage soldiers, with their steeds, appearing in view of the audience. I wonder what Robertson and the Bancrofts would have thought of this daring innovation.

Only this summer West-End playgoers were enjoying Mr. Fred Powell's grim performance as the Strangler in “The Grip of Iron,” and now I hear of a new melodrama, called “A Female Judas,” in which the chief character will be a dreadful creature known as the Woman Strangler.

The Great Western Railway Company are running an excellent service of express trains to Torquay, Falmouth, St. Ives, and Penzance. These favourite winter health resorts give the invalid a choice of equable climates, rivalling those of the South of France, without the irritating drawbacks of long and fatiguing travel, foreign languages, unusual habits, and strange attendance.



MISS ADA REEVE AS JULIE BON-BON IN “THE GAY PARISIENNE.”



## THE PRIZE BABY OF FRANCE.

In one sense it is a contradiction and in another it is in the present fitness of things that the prize baby of France is a Russian. To Vladimir, the child of M. Leon Golschmann, was allotted the gold medal, the palms,



THE PRIZE-WINNER.

Photo by Bernard, Paris.

and the crown at the Concours des Bébés held last week in Paris. But it must be frankly admitted that if this honour has to be taken away from French nurseries, there is no foreigner that has more right to it than the little Vladimir. M. Golschmann has done a splendid work for Young France. Long before there was any idea of a Franco-Russian *entente*, he started upon the work of translating the child-lore of Russia into French. Wonderfully interesting child-lore it is, and when he carries out his idea of putting his works into English our little folks will

be the happier and their dreams at night will be quainter and more wonderful. For his services to little literature M. Golschmann was honoured by the French Academy, who conferred upon him the distinction of being an officer of that august but monotonous assembly.

A baby-show in France differs materially from one in England. Here it is generally a local Barnum who brings together the little tragedies of life, and the principal exhibitors, as a rule, discuss the respective merits of their young in a gin-shop before depositing them on the platform. The showman also opens the proceedings with a few bantering remarks. But in France it is very different. The President indulges in smooth iambs and flowing dactyls on the beauty of maternity. He ladles out hygiene and morality, re-population and marriage, by the bucketful. More than that, whereas in England you have, as a rule, a ticket shoved into your hand on entering that entitles you to a bar of somebody's soap, in France you find, at the end of two minutes, that your pockets are bulging out with literature, delivered alike to bachelors and benedicts, explaining the treatment and rearing of the young.

But the society that organises these shows goes further in its ideas. "If you cannot," it says, "secure our grand prize with one child, you have only to arrange to have seven and keep them all alive and kicking to secure a *Grande Médaille de Dévouement*, and for five existing under similar conditions you have a second-class medal of the same order."

Although there are over one hundred thousand members belonging to the society, I judge from the list of rewards given in these last two classes that competitors are not rolling in.

There was a good deal that was very humorous in the show last week. The prize having gone to little Vladimir, who was attired in a black velvet Fauntleroy suit, he was led up and down the hall, where he was regarded by the nurses and the other competitors with awe and wonder. This puzzled the little man, who did not quite understand that he had been crowned King of French babyland, and turning to his father, he lisped, "Papa, what have I done that I should be kept in church all day?"

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Most English counties by this time have their interpreter in fiction. Dorset, Devon, Somerset, Hampshire, and Cornwall are, of course, particularly fortunate. Yorkshire has a young historian of promise, and Northumberland has another in Mr. Howard Pease. Mr. Pease has done some vigorous work in "Borderland Studies" and in "The Mark o' the Deil." Of course, some clumsy critic has called him a "Northumberland Kipling." There is nothing in his style, his plan, or his subjects even to remotely suggest Mr. Kipling; and if he is a sensitive man he must squirm to be so maldescribed. But he has good points, not as a storyteller so much as a rough sketcher of the ways and manners of North Country pitmen. In this new book, "The White-Faced Priest" (Gay and Bird), there is, indeed, a promise of a literary delicacy that, as yet, are his only briefly and uncertainly. "The Flight of the Lodger," which describes the death of a miner and preacher, is exquisite, and puts to shame the title-story, which is essentially commonplace, very wearisome in its manner, and only relieved now and again by the appearance of the Heckler, a gambling, dog-fancying philosopher. "Hoo can thoo listen properly tiv a call frae the Lord when yor ears is full o' the yow-yow o' greyhounds?" says the preacher Temple Tommy to him; and, indeed, his philosophy, as well as his dog-fancying, stands in the way of his conversion. But he is well worth making the acquaintance of.

There is a generally received opinion that the minor poet of to-day is a flippant person. This is not the case. He is, on the contrary, much given to writing epics and moral essays in blank verse. In fact, epics and moral essays may be said to brand the verse-writer as a very minor

one indeed to-day. Yet I have just seen this rule broken in the case of Mr. F. B. Money Coutts, who has published a little volume of poems through Mr. Lane. They have an uninviting look, and his "Essay in a Brief Model," an altercation between Religion and Humanity, is a grim and turgid bit of writing. The strange thing is, it is not dull, and, for all its uncouthness, it is better, as poetry, than the lyrics that follow it. Mr. Coutts thinks in an unlovely way; but he thinks—and thinks picturesquely, too. His is a very remarkable achievement. With, for most of us, a forbidding subject, with little style, and that bad, he has produced something very much like thought and with a very fair claim to be called poetry.

The first of the Bodley Head Anthologies has appeared—a slightly volume of English Epithalamies, edited by Mr. R. H. Case. There is a very learned and very elaborate preface, the perusal of which is, however, not quite necessary to the enjoyment of the book. Without any commentaries the collection is revelation enough of the wealth of English poetry in marriage-songs. A sameness, of course, runs through them; but the subject, in the hands of men like Donne, Campion, and Ben Jonson, inspired some originalities as well as exquisite verse. That Donne was a master of the pretty, as well as a thinker of weightier matters, one learns from his song for the Count Palatine and the Lady Elizabeth, married on St. Valentine's Day, which begins thus—

Hail! Bishop Valentine, whose day this is,  
All the air is thy diocis;  
And all the chirping choristers  
And other birds are thy parishioners;  
Thou marry'st every year  
The lyric lark and the grave whispering dove,  
The sparrow that neglects his life for love,  
The household bird with the red stomacher.

"Under Quicken Boughs" (Lane), Miss Nora Hopper's book of verse, should be talked of. True, it has the disqualification of being poetry; but it is so bright, so full of character, that, in spite of occasional melancholy, it may almost be classed among the books of entertainment. I do not think Miss Hopper has yet come to her own. I might be more disposed to think she had, were it not for meeting here and there a line, a stanza, even a whole poem, which give a hint of achievement yet to come, of something deeper than her graceful and pathetic songs of Fairyland. She writes verse with evident facility, but she does not abuse her cleverness. It is not in reproach, but only in friendly recognition of her being a poetess in the making, that one would say her use of coloured fragments of Celtic poetry, and of all the picturesque material that has struck her fancy, has a perseverance we occasionally tire of. But her conventions are pretty conventions, and never employed without art. Perhaps Miss Hopper might consider the plodding Saxon a little more by deigning to give some foot-notes. For instance, I have read several times with delight the "Song of the Fomoroh"—

Who dare set bounds to the Red Wind,  
The East Wind in his wrath?

But, as yet, I have no very clear idea who or what the Fomoroh may be.

I have not another complaint to make of so pleasant and gracious a volume. It has been imagined by a rare and kindly mind, and fashioned by an artist. Whoever reads it must some time or other, in heath or woodland, find himself singing her song of the fairies—

We are the gentle people:  
The passing dust we are,  
With gusty laughter blowing  
Near and far.  
We are the gentle people,  
Nor deal in praise and blame,  
But we stand before your sorrow,  
And we stand behind your shame.

The something deeper and stronger I spoke of has fine expression already in "Vagrants"—

And first the Night, lost in her wild black hair  
Came crooning down the valleys to Kenmare,  
Crooning an old song lost the raths amid,  
Far fallen from love and grace,  
Since days when first the darkness Oscar hid  
And covered Niam's face.  
Night, moving slowly, lost in visions sweet,  
And all the cabins listening for her feet.

There follows an exquisite picture of Dawn, and afterwards this—

Then Day came, human grown, and gravely sweet,  
With steady eyes and undelaying feet;  
She had no time for dreams, nor yet for song,  
For all day long,  
Barefooted, 'mid the children born of her,  
She worked among the fields a harvester.

Mr. Fisher Unwin has issued a short History of Ireland for young people in the "Children's Study Series." The author's name is not disclosed, but the book has had the very able revision and editorship of Mr. Barry O'Brien. Irish history for school or for playtime reading is rather out of most children's line, but there is no good reason why this should be so. An excellent and a well-trying plan has been adopted here of making the great and picturesque personages and events stand out large and in bright colours, and huddling unobtrusively a few necessary dull facts round them. With St. Patrick and Brian Boru a fine start is made; the latter part, where political matters are given prominence, may be finished in the school-room. But whether children take to it or not, it is a very good elementary summary of Irish history, nearly as useful and not so dull as Dr. Joyce's.



## THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

The young Queen of Portugal, who is said to be by far the most capable and well-endowed mentally of all the late Comte de Paris' children, must be exceedingly pleased at her brother's engagement to an Austrian Archduchess. Though she married when quite a girl—the festivities attendant on her engagement and marriage, you remember, were the real cause of her unfortunate father's final exile from France—the young Queen Marie Amélie has remained a thorough Orleanist, and

world and innate ability to save Portugal from the fate which seems likely to befall the little kingdom. Dom Carlos is said to have a great belief in the wisdom of his Consort, and they have made it a rule of late years never to simultaneously leave the country. This wise resolution imposes many privations on the young Queen. She is tenderly attached to her mother, and would, if it were possible, spend much of her time with the widowed Comtesse de Paris. It is very probable that the Duke and Duchess of Orleans will spend a portion of their honeymoon in Portugal, for Queen Amélie has always kept a very soft corner in her heart for her wild, harum-scarum brother.



THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMACHO, LISBON.

she has never given up the hope that her brother may yet become, if not King of France, at least King of the French. No greater contrast could be found than that existing between the Queen-Dowager of Portugal, Maria Pia, and her practical, shrewd daughter-in-law. Maria Pia was a Princess of the House of Savoy, and spent a fortune each year on her dress. Queen Marie Amélie makes all her own hats and bonnets, and early established a work-room in the palace at Lisbon, and there a Paris model can be exactly copied in as many different materials and schemes of colouring as is required. The Queen is a very handsome woman, and her fair hair and clear skin make her look still quite young in a country where women age with painful rapidity. She is devoted to her two sons, and, if only for their sakes, she will exert all her knowledge of the

The Duke and Duchess of Braganza, as they then were, spent the first few years of their married life in the curious old Palace of Belem, and it was there that their eldest child, the Duke of Beira, was born. The young Queen was at one time very anxious that her parents should spend their life of exile in Portugal, and Dom Carlos offered to place Belem at their disposition; but the Comte de Paris had a great affection for England, and he also foresaw possible complications with the French Government. It is an interesting and somewhat significant fact that the Queen Marie Amélie has always remained in constant correspondence with her cousin Princess Waldemar of Denmark, the light-hearted French "Mademoiselle de Chartres," who was such a favourite with the late Emperor of Russia.

## SOME PRIMITIVE CATTLE.

Photographs by Reid, Wishaw.

If Herr Doctor Nordau were to carry his iconoclastic investigations into the animal kingdom, he would find many traces of degeneration in the prosaic subject of cattle. Whether John Bull has degenerated or not, it is certain that the British bull is not what it once was. Happily, the sturdy animal of primeval days has not yet vanished completely. At Chillingham in Northumberland you may see to this day some splendid specimens of the old native, while the Duke of Hamilton's famous herd of white cattle at Cadzow is familiar. Intimately connected with the aboriginal cattle of our island is the West Highland or Kyles breed, that always attract much notice at the Islington Show by their splendid horns and shaggy coats. These West Highlanders are not only a picturesque but a magnificently imposing race, which in their northern habitat have for hundreds of years maintained, with little modification, their ancient breed-character. While our other varieties of stock have been undergoing modification, or so-called improvement, at the hand of man, the West Highlanders have rejoiced in their freedom, and are creatures of Nature's moulding. In these representatives of the *Bos longifrons*, or Celtic horned ox, we have a type which laughs all others to scorn. Bates and other great breeders have accepted them as their model, and there can be no better testimony to the inherent excellence of this characteristic Scottish breed. The "clearances" which took place in the Highlands to make room for

sheep and deer for a time threatened to drive them out of the country; but, thanks to the efforts of a number of public-spirited noblemen and other landed proprietors who have given great attention to the maintenance of this hardy race of late years, they have won rather than lost ground. By nature adapted for the rough, uncultivated ground of the Scots Highlands, they have been bred in their remote fastnesses from generation to generation, subsisting on the scantiest of fare, and



"MONARCH OF ALL I SURVEY."

being protected from the chilling wet and winter snow by a magnificent coat of hair. Active and sure-footed and full of muscle, they are admirable "rangers"—beau-ideal cattle, in fact, in their own sphere. The appellation "Prime Scots" belongs fully more to the "West Highlander" than to any other breed which could be named, for the prime, juicy "joints" of a Highland ox is fare for an epicure. He does not come to maturity rapidly, but, maturing slowly, he gives a maximum of lean, sweet meat, which is much esteemed at the tables of the rich. When brought down to the Lowlands they attain considerable weight at maturity—in special cases up to nearly 1300 lb. at three years old, and over 1500 lb. at four years old. But removed from their native grounds they soon lose their true character and become less well fitted for the place which nature has destined them for. The rugged grandeur of the breed, which has often fascinated the eye of the artist, is finely depicted above, where is shown "the lord of the harem" in solitary majesty pausing on the hillside, and ready, if need be, to do battle with any opponent that may have the temerity to challenge his supremacy.

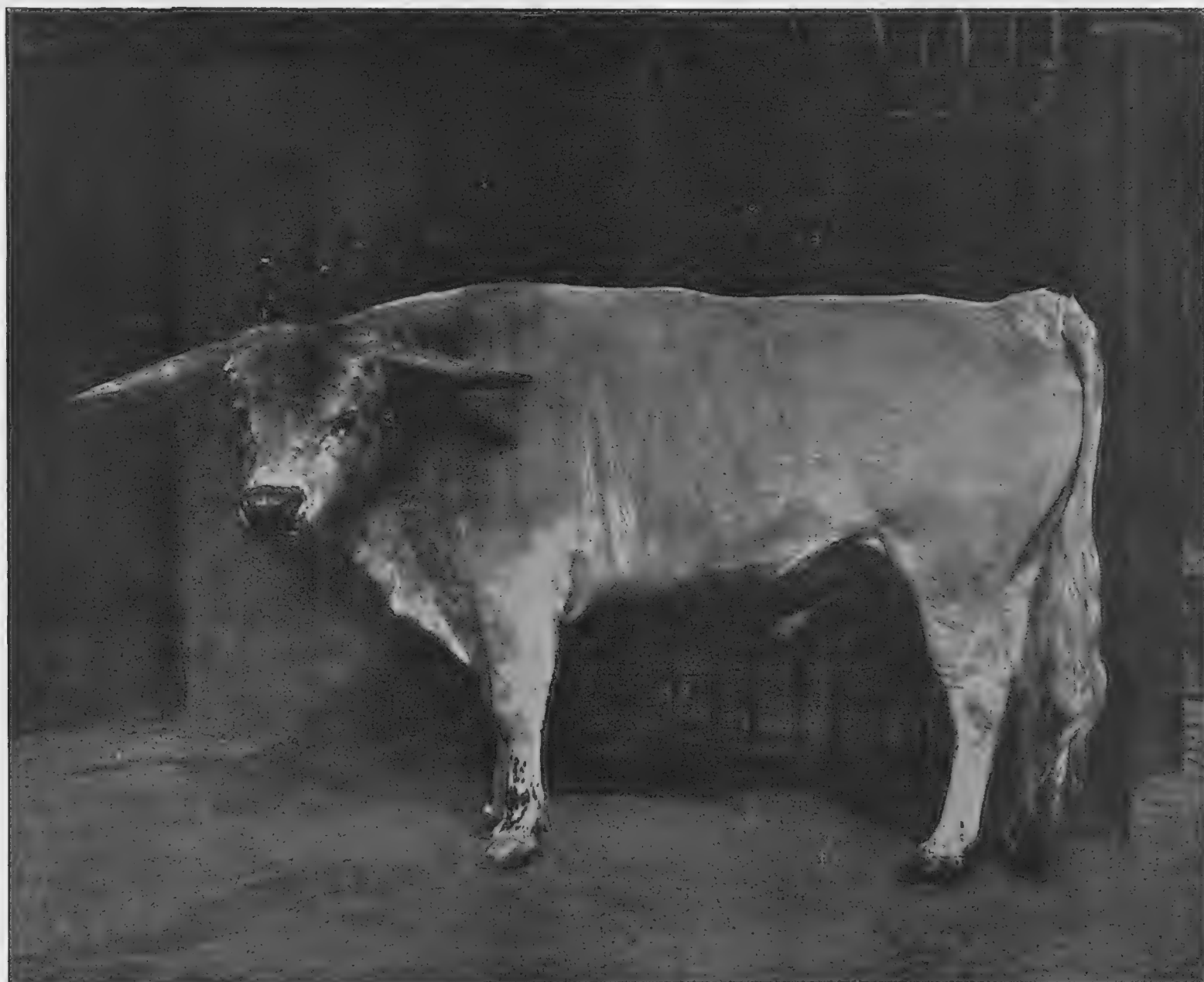


HIGHLAND CATTLE AT HOME.





HIGHLAND CATTLE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY REID, WISHAW.



BRITISH WILD BULL.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. GAMBIER BOLTON, F.Z.S.

## THE ART OF THE DAY.

Reproduced in this column is a photograph of Mr. Alfred Drury's admirable bust, "Griselda," which was purchased by the President and Council of the Royal Academy under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest. The face of this exquisite little work is a charming study, vital, sweet, and enchantingly simple. It is a very hard achievement indeed to



GRISELDA.—ALFRED DRURY.

realise in stone—or, for the matter of that, in paint either—an ideal figure of any kind. But it is not too much to say that Mr. Drury has literally accomplished this feat. This bust is actually the bust of Griselda—the patient face, the eyes a little worn with weeping, the lips a little drawn with endurance; and the modelling is delicious.

In gay contrast to the world-worn, weary, beautiful Griselda is the reproduction, also given on this page, of Mr. G. P. Jacomb-Hood's "Playmates: Hope, Daughter of R. E. Prothero, Esq.," in which the wistful child stands by the side of a serious dog, seated on a chair. The accessories of the picture are studiously simple—the dark screen, the polished floor, the plain fall of the little frock. The child's hair is beautifully painted, and the composition is delightful in its straight and simple elegance.

Messrs. George Bell and Sons have just published a handsome volume upon the life and works of Albert Moore, written by Mr. Alfred Lys Baldry. The book, it may well be conceived, being very full and representative, is therefore extremely attractive. The illustrations, if such a paradox may be permitted, are almost too numerous. The most fanatical admirers of Albert Moore will not be surprised to hear that; for, exquisite as, for the most part, each separate illustration may happen to be, there is, in a large collection, an inevitable monotony in the work of an artist whose aim was so single and whose industry was great. Mr. Baldry's literary contribution in the volume is excellently sound and praiseworthy. It is careful, cool in judgment, and without eccentricity, and it does tardy justice to one too deeply neglected in his lifetime.

Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. have recently issued a set of classical designs, reproduced in photogravure on India paper, by Mr. Frank Hobden, and entitled "The Seasons." "Spring" shows us the boy and the maid embarking in their boat, where the sun shines on the marble steps, and the almond-trees show their young blossom. In "Summer" She sleeps on her hammock, while He fans her, and the waves break lazily in the hot sunlight. In the slant Autumnal shadows He and She kneel with their presents of fruit before the high gods. In "Winter" it is time to "draw about the fire" and "tell gray tales," and sing old songs during the long winter evenings. The whole series is admirably printed, and is full of suggestiveness.

The references made last week to the present Arts and Crafts Exhibition did not touch upon what need not too frivolously be called the furniture department. Yet there are some really excellent contributions to this particular section, among which a couple of mantelpieces, one by Mr. Voysey and one by Mr. C. Harrison Townsend, are more than merely attractive; they have a certain human appropriateness about them. The tapestries and embroideries are not, perhaps, any better this year than they have been in the past; nay, perhaps in this respect they do not quite attain the merit of former years. Sir E. Burne-Jones's tapestries, for example, are not all of them "perfect chrysolites"; but

it would be unjust to pass this section by without words of especial praise for the embroidery of Miss Una Taylor and Mr. J. D. Batten, whose "Psyche before Persephone" has met with well-merited praise. Mr. Batten's colour-print, "The Harpies," is also a most excellent example of colour-printing.

Among the curiosities of the exhibition must be reckoned Mr. Anning Bell's designs for playing-cards, which really bring the devil's inventive genius within the compass of an art that is not altogether trivial. Mr. Walter Crane's original designs for "The Faery Queen" are also here, and are distinguished by all that artist's customary elegance and quiet fertility of invention. The same artist's designs for stained glass are admirable for the very complete appreciation which he discovers for the medium in which he works. With these allusions the record may close, for so wide and liberal is the content of this year's Regent Street show that exhaustive reference would be impossible. Perhaps one fault may be found with the disposition of the various exhibits. There does not seem to have been enough design or purpose devoted to it. Here, in one room, for example, is the printed edition of some illustrated work; and to see the original drawings you have to travel to the other end of the gallery. A little more concentration, a serious attempt to unify the collection, would have added vastly to the convenience of visitors to what, after all, must be set down as the best exhibition hitherto organised by the Arts and Crafts Society.

The book to be published very soon by Messrs. George Bell and Sons, "The Art of William Morris," by Mr. Aymer Vallance, has been long in preparation, but will come now as something of the nature of a Memorial. Mr. Vallance, who some years ago contributed a series of articles on household decoration to the *Art Journal*, which attracted some attention, has long been known as an enthusiastic admirer of William Morris, and as something more than an enthusiastic admirer of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, whom he considers to be the greatest artist that "the world has ever seen or could ever possibly see." Mr. Vallance also brings a wide knowledge of his subject to his enthusiasm. The volume will be copiously illustrated from thoroughly characteristic and representative designs from Mr. Morris's work.



PLAYMATES: HOPE, DAUGHTER OF MR. R. E. PROTHERO.  
BY G. P. JACOMB-HOOD.





MISS KATIE SEYMOUR AND MR. LESLIE HOLLAND IN "MY GIRL," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## WHERE THERE IS NOTHING, THERE IS GOD.

BY W. B. YEATS.

The little wicker houses, where the Brothers of Tallagh were accustomed to pray or bend over many handicrafts when twilight had driven them from the fields, were empty, for the severity of the winter had brought the brotherhood together in the square wooden house under the shadow of the wooden chapel; and Coarb Malathgeneus, Brother Moal Columb, Brother Moal Melruan, Brother Peter, Brother Patrick, Brother Fintain, and many too young to have won names in the great battle, sat about the fire with ruddy faces, one mending lines to lay in the river for eels, one fashioning a snare for birds, one mending the broken handle of a spade, one writing in a large book, and one shaping a jewelled box to hold the book; and among the rushes at their feet lay the scholars, brothers to be, whose school-house it was, and for the succour of whose tender years the great fire was supposed to leap and flicker. One of these, a child of eight or nine years, called Aodh, lay upon his back gazing up through the hole in the roof, through which the smoke poured, watching the stars appearing and disappearing in the smoke with mild eyes, like the eyes of a beast of the field. He turned presently to the Brother who wrote in the big book, and whose duty was to teach the children, and said, "Brother Moal Columb, to what are the stars fastened?" The Brother, rejoicing to see so much curiosity in the stupidest of his scholars, laid down the style and said, "There are nine crystalline spheres, and on the first the moon is fastened, on the second the planet Mercury, on the third the planet Venus, on the fourth the sun, on the fifth the planet Mars, on the sixth the planet Jupiter, on the seventh the planet Saturn (these are the wandering stars), and on the eighth are fastened the fixed stars; but the ninth sphere is a sphere of the substance on which the breath of God moved in the beginning."

"What is beyond that sphere?" said the child.

"There is nothing beyond that; there is God."

And then the child's eyes strayed to the jewelled box, where one great ruby was gleaming in the light of the fire, and he said, "Why has Brother Peter put a great ruby on the side of the box?"

"The ruby is a symbol of the love of God."

"Why is the ruby a symbol of the love of God?"

"Because it is red, like fire, and fire burns up everything, and where there is nothing, there is God."

The child sank into silence, but presently sat up and said, "There is somebody outside."

"No," replied the Brother. "It is only the wolves; I have heard them moving about in the snow for some time. They are growing very wild, now that the winter drives them from the mountains. They broke into a fold last night and carried off many sheep, and if we are not careful they will devour everything."

"No, it is the footstep of a man, for it is heavy; but I can hear the footsteps of the wolves also."

He had no sooner done speaking than somebody rapped three times, but with no great loudness.

"I will go and open, for he must be very cold."

"Do not open, for it may be a man-wolf, and might devour us all."

But the boy had already shot back the heavy wooden bolt, and all faces, the most a little pale, turned towards the slowly opening door.

"He has beads and a cross, and cannot be a man-wolf," said the child, as a man, with the snow heavy on his long, ragged beard, and on the matted hair, that fell over his shoulders and nearly to his waist, and dropping from the tattered cloak that but half-covered his withered brown body, came in and looked from face to face with mild, ecstatic eyes. Standing some way from the fire, and with eyes that had rested at last upon the Coarb Malathgeneus, he cried out, "O blessed Coarb, let me come to the fire and warm myself and dry the snow from my beard and my hair and my cloak; that I may not die of the cold of the mountains and anger the Lord with a wilful martyrdom."

"Come to the fire," said the Coarb, "and warm yourself, and eat the food the boy Aodh will bring you. It is sad indeed that any for whom Christ has died should be as poor as you."

The man sat over the fire, and Aodh took away his now dripping cloak and laid meat and bread and wine before him; but he would only eat of the bread, and he put away the wine, asking for water in its stead. When his beard and hair had begun to dry a little and his limbs had ceased to shiver with the cold, he spoke again.

"O blessed Coarb, have pity on the poor, have pity on a beggar who has trodden the bare world this many a year, and give me some labour to do, the hardest there is, for I am the poorest of God's poor."

Then the brethren discussed together what work they could put him to, and at first to little purpose, for there was no labour that had not found its labourer in that busy community; but at last one remembered that Brother Melruan, whose business it was to turn the great quern in the quern-house—for he was too stupid for aught else—was getting old for so heavy a labour; and so the beggar was bid labour at the quern from the morrow.

The cold passed away, and the spring grew to summer, and the quern was never idle, nor was it turned with grudging labour, for when any passed the beggar was heard singing as he drove the handle round. The last gloom, too, had passed from that happy community, for Aodh, who

had always been stupid and unteachable, grew clever and alert, and this was the more miraculous because it had come of a sudden. One day he had been even duller than usual, and was beaten and bid know his lesson the better on the morrow or be sent into a lower class among little boys who would make a jeer of him. He had gone out in tears, and when he came the next day, although his stupidity, born of a mind that would listen to every wandering sound and brood upon every wandering light, had so long been the byword of the school, he knew it with such perfection that he passed to the head of the class, and from that day was the best of scholars. At first Brother Moal Columb thought the change an answer to his own prayers to the Virgin, and took it for a great proof of the love she bore him; but when many far more fervid prayers had failed to add a single wheat-sheaf to the harvest, he began to think that the child was trafficking with bards, or druids, or witches, and resolved to follow and watch. He had told his thought to the Coarb, who bid him come to him the moment he hit the truth; and the next day, which was a Sunday, he stood in the path when the Coarb and the brethren were coming from vespers, with their white habits upon them, and took the Coarb by the habit and said, "The beggar is of the greatest of saints and of the workers of miracle. I followed Aodh but now, and by his slow steps and his bent head I saw that the weariness of his stupidity was over him, and when we came to the little wood by the quern-house I knew by the path broken in the underwood and by the foot-marks in the muddy places that he had gone that way many times. I hid behind a bush where the path doubled upon itself at a sloping place, and understood by the tears in his eyes that his stupidity was too old and his wisdom too new to bring him peace unshaken by terror of the red. When he was in the quern-house I went to the window and looked in, and the birds came down and perched upon my head and my shoulders, for they are not timid in that holy place; and a wolf passed by, his right side shaking my habit; his left the leaves of a bush. Aodh opened his book and turned to the page I had bid him learn, and began to cry, and the beggar sat beside him and comforted him until he fell asleep. When his sleep was of the deepest the beggar knelt down and prayed aloud, and said, 'O Thou Who dwellest beyond the stars, show forth Thy power as at the beginning, and let knowledge sent from Thee awaken in this mind, wherein is nothing from the world, that the nine orders of angels may glorify Thy name'; and then a light broke out of the air and wrapped Aodh, and I smelt the breath of roses. I stirred a little in my wonder, and the beggar turned and saw me, and, bending low, said, 'O Brother Moal Columb, if I have done wrong, forgive me, and I will do penance. It was my pity moved me'; but terror had taken hold of me, and I fled, and did not stop running until I came hither."

Then all the brothers began talking together, one saying it was such and such a saint, and one that it was not he, but another; and one that it was none of these, for they were still in their brotherhoods, but that it was such and such a one; and the talk was as near to quarrelling as might be in that gentle community, for each would claim so great a saint for his native province. At last the Coarb said, "He is none that you have named, for at Easter I had greeting from all, and each was in his brotherhood; but he is Angus, the Lover of God, and the first of those who have gone to live in the wild places and among the wild beasts. Ten years ago he felt the burden of many labours in a brotherhood under Croagh Patrick and went into the forest that he might labour only with song to the Lord; but the fame of his holiness brought many thousands to his cell, so that a little pride clung to a soul from which all else had been driven. Nine years ago he dressed himself in rags, and from that day none has seen him, unless, indeed, it be true that he has been seen living among the wolves on the mountains and eating the grass of the fields. Let us go to him and bow down before him; for at last, after long seeking, he has found the nothing that is God; and bid him lead us in the pathway he has trodden." They passed in their white habits along the beaten path in the wood, the acolytes swinging their censers before them, and the Coarb, with his crozier studded with precious stones, in the midst of the incense; and came before the quern-house and knelt down and began to pray, awaiting the moment when the child would wake, and the Saint cease from his watch and come forth and look at the sun going down into the unknown darkness, as his way was.

## MISS KATIE SEYMOUR.

If Miss Katie Seymour should ever leave the Gaiety, Mr. Edwardes would have great difficulty in filling her place, and his public would not readily be satisfied with a substitute. It seems a long, long time since she became a Gaiety Girl. Other favourites have transferred their services elsewhere and have vanished altogether, but she remains. When shall we forget her charming Japanese dance in "The Shop Girl"? When every other impression of Mr. Dam's strange piece shall have been forgotten that merry little dance will be remembered. And then "My Girl" has been enormously brightened by her dancing, alone, and with her stage-sweetheart, the valet Saunders (Mr. Leslie Holland). The airiness, the grace, and the abundant and infectious vitality of Miss Seymour seem to send a whiff of life across the footlights in a manner that is almost entirely her own.





MISS KATIE SEYMOUR IN "MY GIRL," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## ANTHONY HOPE'S NEW BOOK.\*

"The Heart of the Princess Osra," as diagnosed by Mr. Anthony Hope, was a palimpsest: after impressions had been made on it (and they were made very easily) they disappeared and left the organ ready for a new



THE PRINCESS MEETING THE MARQUIS.  
From "The Heart of the Princess Osra."

one. The volume so called is a history of the impressions. It has been generally conceded, at all events of late years, that a man can be in love with two young persons at the same time. While he is with No. 1 he loves No. 1 best (indeed, in one sense he *always* loves No. 1 best, whether there is a lady in the case or not), but when he is with No. 2 his affections turn in her direction, till, after a little, their waning as regards the former and their waxing as regards the latter reach a point where they exactly balance, and he is equally in love with both of them. A woman, on the other hand, is not supposed to possess this adaptability; and the Princess Osra rather astonishes us, not indeed by loving two persons at once, but in taking such a marvellously short time between being off with the old love and on with the new that it is what is termed by mathematicians a "negligible quantity." These tender experiences, which all take place before she is one-and-twenty, are delightfully described. She hardly knows which to admire the most, so many and so various in degree, from Grand Dukes to highwaymen, are those who are smitten by her charms. Even the Bishop of Modenstein, who, being a Churchman, ought really not to have done it, falls a victim to them. From a family point of view the least desirable suitor is the highwayman, though Claude du Val himself is not to be spoken of in the same breath with him as regards courtesy;

nor is it mere veneer, for whereas nothing is more common than for persons of his profession to say "they will be hanged first" before they do this or that, he was within five minutes of actually being hanged for refusing to part with a *gage d'amour*. Still, no father, let alone a reigning prince, would look with favour on a gentleman-of-the-road for a son-in-law. Even Stephen the Smith would have been an improvement from a social point of view, for there are silversmiths, and even goldsmiths. Lord Harry Calverhouse is noble enough, but singularly ill off even for a younger son; Giraldo the Painter leaves nothing to be desired in the artistic way, but carries eccentricity a little too far; while the love of the Prince of Glottenberg, though highly desirable in every other way, is only a second-hand article. None of these objections, however, are held valid by the Princess, who in no case can be accused of *mauvaise honte* or frigidity. The reader, indeed, is in constant dread of losing her by marriage, and is only supported by his confidence in the skill of the author to preserve her from premature extinction as an object of interest. Only once does the affection fail to be more or less reciprocated, and so skilfully does the author convey to us the lady's attractions that we are quite angry with the exceedingly sensible and practical individual who declines to be moved by them. Yet this experience did the Princess more good than all the rest, for with the recollection of the indifference of this fellow—a miller, and therefore not one to be caught with chaff—

She took her scissors and her needle, and she cut strips of ribbon, each a foot long and a couple of inches broad; on each of them she embroidered a motto or legend, and she affixed the ribbons bearing the legend to each and every one of the mirrors in each of her chambers at Strelsau, at Zenda, and at the other royal residences. And her waiting-women noticed that whenever she had looked in the mirror and smiled at her own image, or shown other signs of pleasure in it, she would then cast her eyes up to the legend and seem to read it, and blush a little, and sigh a little, the reason for which things they could by no means understand. For the legend was but this—

"Remember the Miller of Hofbau."

But, for all that, it was only a week or so before the Princess went angling for more lovers, and with her accustomed success. In the end, of course, she is caught herself, and notwithstanding all her charms, and, indeed, because of them, we should not wonder, considering her antecedents, if she made her husband just a little jealous. Nothing of this, however, is hinted at by the author, who is full of excuses for his Princess, and remains loyal to her to the last. We have to thank him for a very pleasant volume, written in a style at once simple and engaging; but, for all that, we cannot but feel that throughout these narratives we are breathing an air of unreality; they are fancies from Fairyland and not the romance of life that he has woven for us; as in the case of another writer, who once gave us delightful poems, and now confines himself to Sagas, we wish he would leave Zenda and Strelsau and lay his scenes at home—in the town, for example, where Mr. Witt's widow lived.

A capital form of sketch-book has just been issued by Messrs. Rowney. It consists of a number of sheets of superfine drawing-board with a surface of Whatman's paper, bound with brass rings, which facilitates rapid sketching. They will be found very useful.



THE PRINCESS AND THE MILLER.  
From "The Heart of the Princess Osra."

\* "The Heart of the Princess Osra," By Anthony Hope.  
London: Longmans, Green, and Co.



## THE ANNIVERSARY OF TRAFALGAR.

To-day is one of England's great days. Ninety-one years ago Nelson won the Battle of Trafalgar, but won it with his life, falling fighting on board the good ship *Victory*. Nelson has been called, and not without reason, "our only hero." At any rate, there are many indications that

the stately *Foudroyant*, the flag-ship of the great admiral, which the Government sold to a ship-breaker, and which a private patriot re-bought and restored to its pristine glory. And then this year the Navy League have put forward their best endeavours to have his column in



Collingwood

ADMIRAL COLLINGWOOD, WHO LED THE SOUTHERN LINE AT TRAFALGAR.



Sir Thomas Hardy

SIR THOMAS HARDY, INTO WHOSE ARMS NELSON FELL AT TRAFALGAR.

he is entering that period in a great man's memory when the process of canonisation begins. Never has there been such a desire to do honour to him, to spread and keep green his name and fame. A strong indication of this tendency has been shown by the re-equipment of

Trafalgar Square fittingly decorated to-day. The *English Illustrated Magazine* starts in its November issue a new Life of him, by Mr. Clark Russell, and to-day Mr. George Allen publishes a notable new book by Professor Laughton, entitled "The Nelson Monument." This book



THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR, FOUGHT OCT. 21, 1805.

FROM THE PICTURE PAINTED FOR THE UNITED SERVICE CLUB BY C. STANFIELD, R.A.

## THE DEATH OF NELSON.



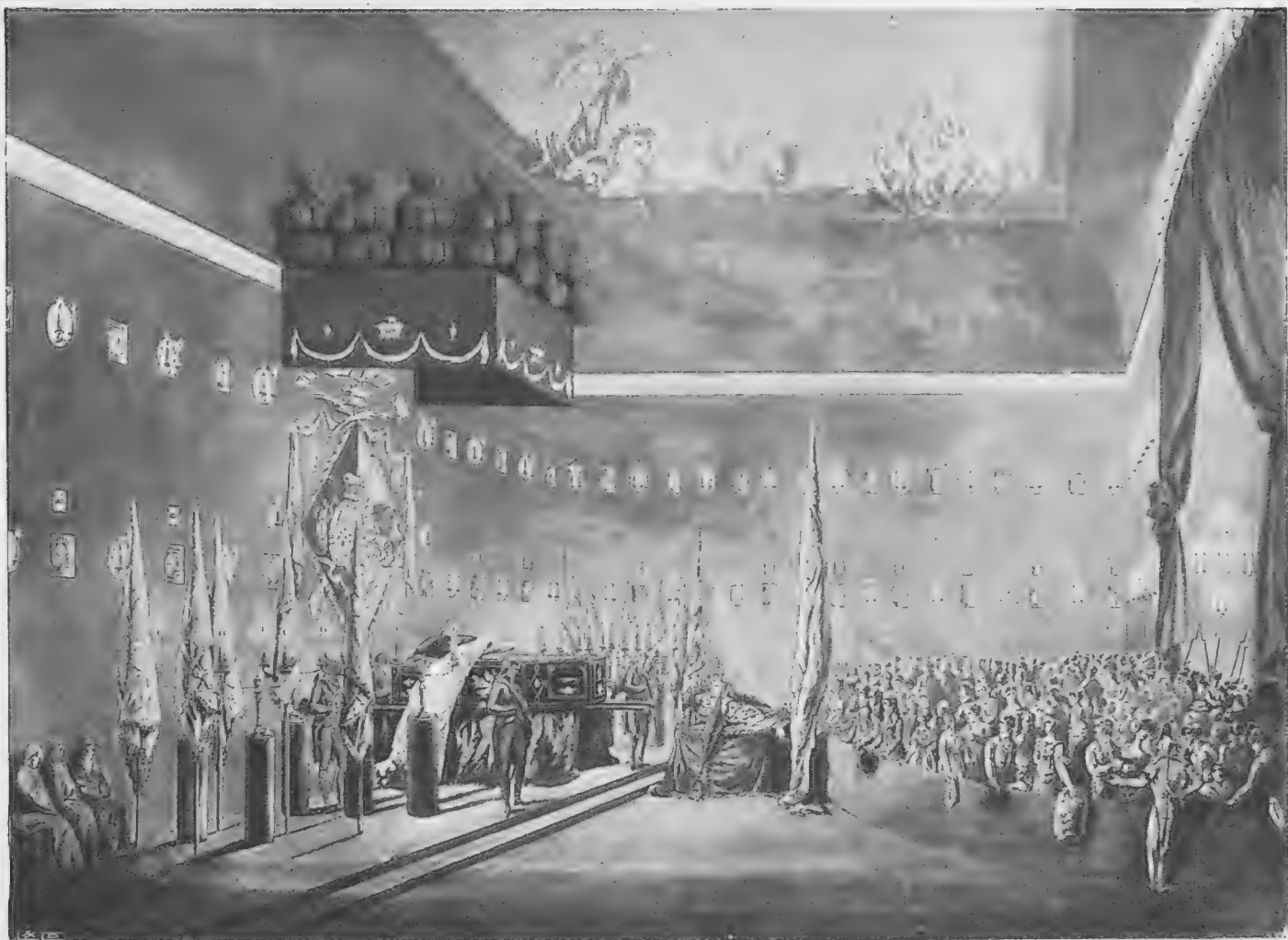
FROM THE PAINTING BY ERNEST SLINGENEYER.



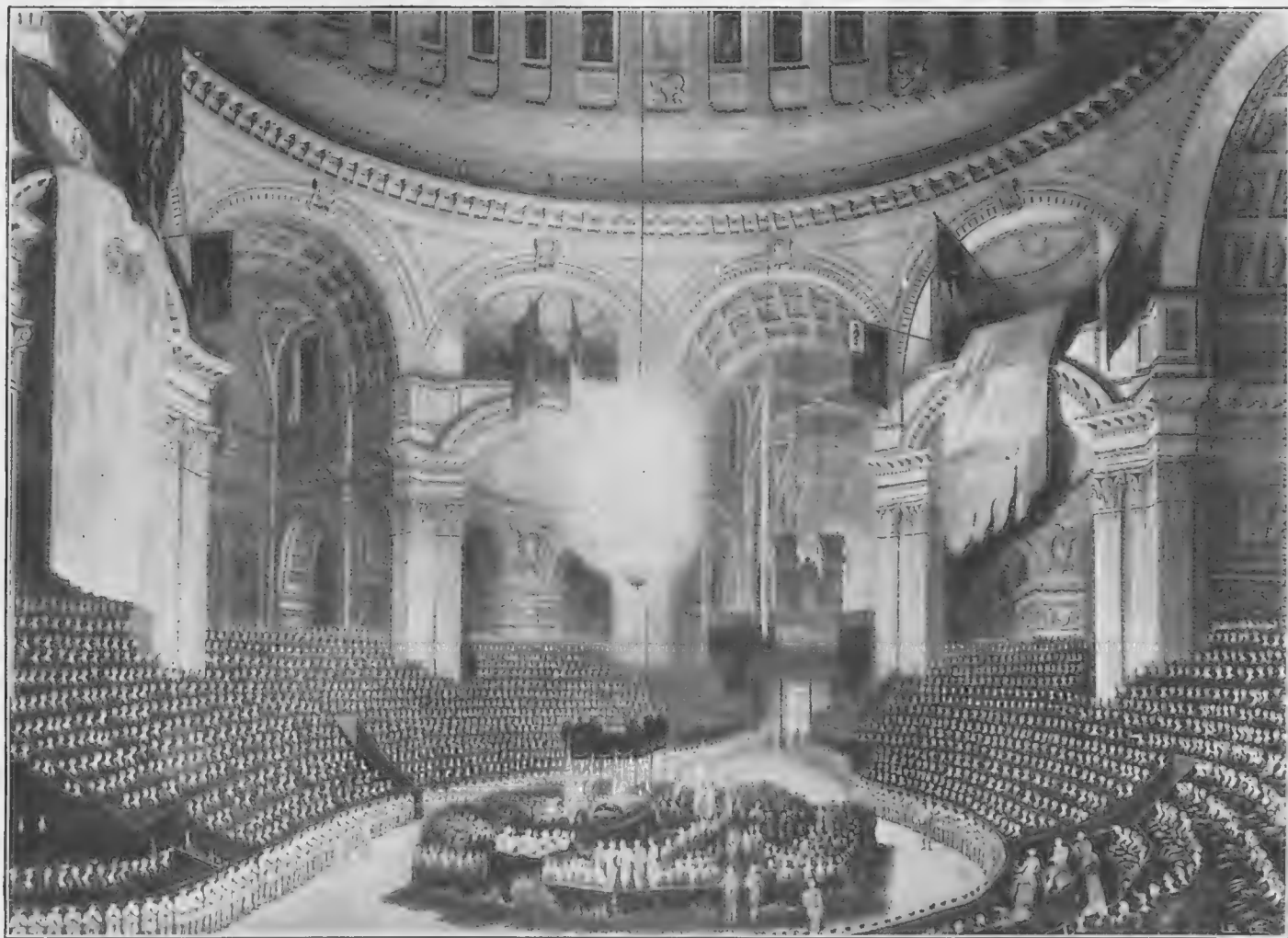
FROM THE FAMOUS PAINTING BY BENJAMIN WEST, P.R.A.



THE BURIAL OF NELSON.



THE REMAINS LYING IN STATE IN THE PAINTED HALL OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL.



THE REMAINS AT ST. PAUL'S PRIOR TO INTERMENT, JAN. 9, 1806.

makes no pretence to repeat in detail the story of Nelson's career; but, while dwelling on the principal incidents of it, it endeavours to describe some of the influences which tended to form Nelson's character, some of the men, second only to himself, from whom he

derived his inspiration, some of those who so nobly worked with him in securing the liberties and establishing the greatness of England. He is frankly portrayed as a man, with a man's passions and a man's weaknesses, but a man also of transcendent genius, endowed with that grandest attribute of genius, the capacity of taking infinite pains. A special interest is added to the volume by the number, character, and artistic excellence of the illustrations, some of which have never before been reproduced. These consist of fourteen portraits, ten being in photogravure, and about twelve other full-page illustrations, besides three plans of battles and numerous facsimiles



Nelson's Bronze

of letters and autographs from manuscripts in the Record Office and British Museum, and a reproduction in colour of Nelson's last order.

And the story of Trafalgar alone deserves re-telling over and over again. The death-scene was dramatic in the highest degree. Nelson, you remember, was wounded by a musket-shot from the mizzen-top of the *Redoubtable*. It struck his left epaulette, passed down through the lungs, right away through the spine, and lodged in the muscles of his back. Nelson collapsed on the deck of the *Victory*. "They've done for me at last," he murmured to Captain Hardy. For three terrible hours he lingered, writhing in pain, yet ever eager for news of the action. His last words, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" will go down to posterity among the few historic utterances of the great. They can never cease to inspire.

Trafalgar Square itself, on which the eyes of Londoners are turned to-day with peculiar interest, has a remarkable history. It was begun in

1829, on the site of what was once the Royal Mews and the unsavoury "Bermudas," these last being a rookery of obscure alleys, where, as Ben Jonson wrote—"Town pirates here at land Have their Bermudas and their Straights 't the Strand."

The Square was finished from designs furnished by Sir Charles Barry in 1841—the great architect's original designs, on a far grander scale, having been rejected as too costly. The granite-work alone of Trafalgar Square is said to have cost some ten thousand pounds. The historic column, which to-day will bear a

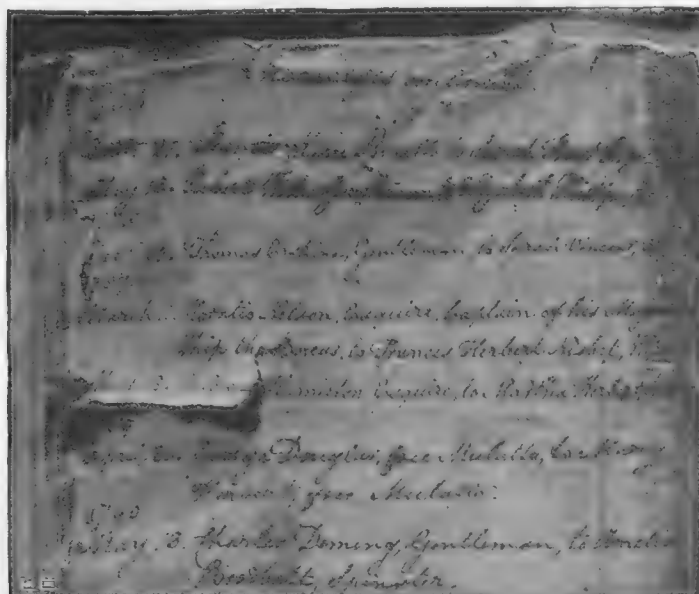
and has somewhat unkindly been styled "the beau-ideal of a Greenwich Pensioner." This statue, which was put into position on Nov. 4, 1843, is made out of two stones from the Granton Quarry, and, though the uninitiated might hardly suppose it, the height of Lord Nelson is eighteen feet. The fine capital of the column is of bronze, and was cast from cannon that were recovered from the wreck of the *Royal George*, that wreck that was in my day made so terribly familiar to every schoolboy. The four bronze bas-reliefs that adorn the sides of the base of the column represent the Battle of the Nile, the Battle of St. Vincent, the Bombardment of Copenhagen, and the Death of Nelson. Each is by a different sculptor. As for the great Landseer lions, studies from nature by the eminent animal-painter, the delay in their completion was a matter of much amusement when I was a youngster, and well I remember at my first pantomime—"Cinderella," at Covent Garden, in 1864—how one of the characters exclaimed, in sarcastic tones—

Go to Trafalgar Square;  
Bring Landseer's lions—if you find them there;

which sentiments evoked a hearty laugh, and for some reason or other have always remained in my memory.

However, in 1867 these majestic beasts took up their position on the salient pedestals at the four angles at the base of the column, to be generally admired, and to be used, poor things, on future occasions by the demagogues of the Great Unwashed, or their admirers. From first to last the total cost of this monument has been some £46,000. With regard to the lions, we can have but one regret, and that is that four different models were not used by Sir Edwin Landseer.

What a different Navy from Nelson's was England's ninety years before, as quaintly illustrated in the old print elsewhere reproduced!

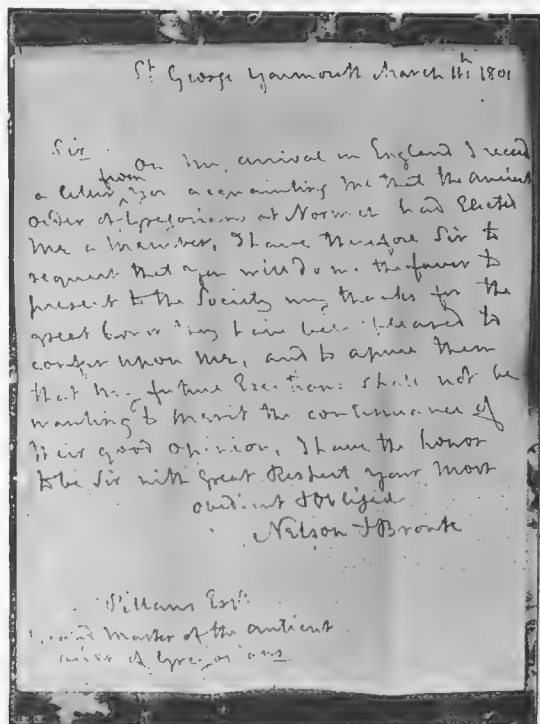


LEAF OF AN OLD REGISTER AT "FIG-TREE CHURCH."

George I. can have taken but a platonic interest in his Navy. Indeed, he must often have wondered uneasily what would happen to him and to his German surroundings if the wooden walls of England should choose to close him out during one of his lengthy sojourns in his beloved Hanover.

There are several little byways of Nelson's career not so very well known. There are some historic landmarks connected with Nelson in the West Indies, which he helped to add to the Crown of Great Britain. In Barbadoes, for example, a statue of him stands in the public square, and it was on Nevis that Nelson was married to the widow Nisbet. The ceremony is often supposed to have occurred in Fig-tree Church, which is situated about two miles from Charlestown, the capital of the island. The church is a plain little building, and contains a tablet to the memory of Dr. Nisbet, the first husband of the lady who became Nelson's wife. It is true that there is an old register in the church, but the entry it contains of the marriage is only a memorandum of the event, made some time after the ceremony, by a later incumbent. It reads as follows: "1787, March 11, Horatio Nelson, Esquire, Captain of his Majesty's ship the *Boreas*, to Frances Herbert Nisbet, Widow." There are no signatures. The law in those days did not require the signing of registers, and so neither the gallant bridegroom nor his "best man," Prince William Henry (afterwards William IV.), recorded his name for the delectation of present-day tourists. To complete the disillusionment, you will be told, last of all, that "Lord Nelson's Church" is a misnomer, for the great hero was not married in a church at all, but in a private house, now in ruins!

A piece of Vandalism it may seem thus to lay rough hands upon this tourist's shrine, and to upset so much poetry of romance by the stern prose of fact. But those who, like Mr. Gradgrind, have a thirst for "facts" will be grateful for being saved the disappointment which inevitably ensues when the tourist learns that Fig-tree Church did not witness the nuptials of Horatio Nelson, and that no real register of the event, made at the time, is in existence.



A LETTER IN NELSON'S HANDWRITING.

wealth of floral tributes, was designed by William Railton and begun in 1840, but was not completed till 1846, though, of course, the Landseer lions were a much later addition.

The statue of our hero was the work of the late E. H. Baily, R.A.,



## THE ART PUBLISHERS OF LONDON.

## I.—MESSRS. HENRY GRAVES AND CO.

In art-dealing as in less pictorial businesses to be successful you must specialise. One firm becomes renowned for its coloured prints, another for great deals in the greater masters, a third for sporting pictures, and so on. The name of Graves is remarkable for its hoary antiquity. Who does not know the shop in Pall Mall on the right-hand side walking from the foot of the Haymarket to St. James's Street? If you happen to be strolling along the south pavement of Pall Mall, you cross over, for Graves's window is always packed with engravings or etchings in great white rivulets of margin. They are always worth examining.



MR. HENRY GRAVES.

Photo by Meudelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

Mr. Algernon Graves, the present head of the firm, was born over the galleries at No. 6, Pall Mall. He was playing with prints and toddling about the legs of eminent painters before he was five. He entered the business in the year 1860. So when we had seated ourselves face to

face in a pleasant room, somewhere near the roof of No. 6, I opened my note-book in lively anticipation of a number of good stories and interesting incidents.

I was not disappointed. Mr. Algernon Graves reminds one of a very complex and highly ingenious automatic machine. Drop a remark or let fall a little question at any point within three feet of his ear, and, presto! the drawer of his memory opens, full, running over with answers and comments.

As thus. I had dropped a penny thought on the difference between the buying and selling prices of Old Masters.

The drawer immediately opened. There was no creaking or jamming. "You remember Gainsborough's 'Lady Duncombe'?" That picture was purchased for six pounds. It had been lying for ages in a garret. There were holes in it, and it was thick in dust. The man who purchased it, a Jew, brought it here. My father gave him £300 for it, and re-sold it for £1500. 'Lady Duncombe' is probably worth £10,000 now."

I tried another drawer. "Does any record exist," I soliloquised, "of the prices, say, Sir Joshua Reynolds received for his portraits?"

Mr. Graves chuckled pleasantly. A similar noise in an inarticulate

"The Ladies Waldegrave, paid by H. Walpole £315." Then I was shown another manuscript book. It dated back a hundred years and more, and contained the original agreements made by Messrs. Graves or their predecessors with famous artists—Turner, Landseer, and a host of others.

"As to the antiquity of your house?"

"We trace our descent in unbroken line back to the famous firm of Boydell and Co., founded by Alderman Boydell in Cheapside in 1752, which makes us one hundred and forty-four years old. From Cheapside the establishment was transferred to the Shakspeare Gallery in Pall Mall. Later it fell into the hands of Messrs. Hurst and Robinson, and in the year 1826, the firm then being in possession of these premises, Mr. Henry Graves was admitted to partnership, and the house became

London 10th June 1837  
Received of Messrs. Hodgson & Graves the  
sum of one hundred guineas being the  
amount of consideration for my copyright of a picture  
of Queen painted for the Duke of Sutherland  
and of which copyright I undertake to make a further  
assignment, at their expense when required  
£105.  
Jas. Matthew W. Turner Esq.

known as Messrs. Moon, Boys, and Graves. In 1834 Mr. Moon retired and Mr. Richard Hodgson joined the firm. On the retirement of Mr. Boys we became Messrs. Hodgson and Graves. Since the 'forties the firm has been known as Messrs. Henry Graves and Co. Alderman Boydell spent £150,000 over his famous edition of Shakspeare. It would have been a great success financially as well as artistically, had it not been for the French Revolution, which burst upon the world before the publication was finished. In 1804 Alderman Boydell was allowed by Parliament to dispose of the Shakspeare pictures by lottery. Times have changed since then."

I cast an eye upon the Vicissitudes box.

A smile of many memories passed over Mr. Graves's face. "When you talk of 'the fire,'" he said, "you refer to the Fire of London. When we speak of 'the fire,' our fire is implied. In 1867 Her Majesty's Theatre was burnt to the ground, and our prints and pictures helped to feed the flames—very successfully."

"That disposed of the old stock?" I hazarded.

"We lost £10,000 by the conflagration," Mr. Graves answered gloomily; "but our vicissitudes have not all been as unfortunate. Here is a pleasanter incident. Many, many years ago, Lady Strange, widow of Sir Robert Strange the engraver, sent for my father, to offer him her husband's collection of engravings for £1000. Opening the first box, he perceived on the top about thirty impressions of the print of Charles I. in his robes, then worth about thirty pounds apiece. My father bought the collection, and realised about £10,000 by the transaction."

Royalties and other great personages seemed a likely drawer into which to drop a question. It opened easily, and thus spoke:

"Our firm holds six royal warrants, from George III. onwards. We have published twenty-five pictures of the Queen, ten of the Prince of Wales, and dozens of other members of the royal family. Oh, and twelve of the late Prince Consort. Our warrant from Prince Albert is embossed, not sealed. Thereby hangs a little tale. When the engagement between the Queen and his Royal Highness was announced, my father immediately went over to Saxe-Coburg with an A.R.A. who had agreed to paint the Prince's portrait. When it was finished, and the royal warrant was about to be drawn out, his Royal Highness said laughingly,



MR. ALGERNON GRAVES.

Photo by Meudelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

London 10 July 1839  
Received of Messrs. Hodgson & Graves the  
sum of three hundred guineas being the full consideration  
for my copyright of the picture painted by one of the King's  
artists and Lady Evelyn Gower for the Duke of Sutherland,  
and of which copyright I undertake to make a further  
assignment, at their expense when required  
£315. O.P.  
Edmund Blair Esq.

automatic machine might signify that the works were preparing for disorder; but the noise in this case merely denoted an excess of information

A manuscript book, the size of a small ledger, was handed to me. The writing was faded, but firm, and the book was nothing more or less than the record, in Sir Joshua Reynolds's own handwriting, of pictures painted by him, with the prices attached. His method of account-keeping was beautifully simple. A red-lined money column ran down the margin of each leaf. The price of the picture was entered outside the red lines. When the portrait had been delivered and the cheque received, Sir Joshua ran his pen through the former entry and placed the figure inside the money columns. In a few cases the figures remain outside the column to this day, proclaiming to posterity that even eminent painters sometimes make bad debts. In the hundred-and-odd pages I spied no entry that exceeded £315, while many were as low as £40. Here is a line from this book referring to a famous picture:

'We won't use that horrid sealing-wax; I'll have it stamped. It will look better.' So stamped the warrant was. It hangs downstairs. Ah, don't interrupt! There's another story about that picture. The Prince himself painted the crown. When the Queen heard of this, she expressed a desire to purchase the work, but, unfortunately, it had already been sold to Wellington College. In the end a replica was painted, which the college accepted, and we sold the original picture to her Majesty."

"I suppose you have published for most of the artists of this century?"

"Almost everybody. We issued engravings of between two and three hundred of Landseer's pictures. Then we were Millais' first publishers. 'I've never been engraved by a bad engraver,' he once said to me. Millais was constantly here signing proofs. 'The Order of Release,' 'The Black Brunswicker,' 'Ophelia'—all his best early works—were issued by our firm. We published for Frith also—in fact, for most of the members of the Royal Academy of those days. Our trump card just now is Caton Woodville. We are paying Jules Jacquet £2500 for an etching of Woodville's '1815.' To give you an idea of the extent of

*I John Everett Millais of 7 Cromwell Place  
South Kensington London, agree to assign to  
Henry Graves Publisher Pall Mall all my  
rights in the copyright of a picture by me  
entitled "Seeking the lost piece of money" for  
the sum of £80*

our publications, I may say we have something like 40,000 proofs in our cellars below. Only yesterday we sent out a couple of tons of engravings. Yes, it's a big business, and, although the method changes, the turnover is as large as ever."

"About the dictionary?" I said; but on dropping this little question the Dictionary drawer showed a disinclination to open, so I was obliged to procure my information on this subject from another source.

In his spare time, since about the year 1860, Mr. Algernon Graves has devoted himself to cataloguing all the pictures ever painted and exhibited by British artists. Truly a superhuman task! It runs into fifty manuscript volumes. The printing of so huge an undertaking is far too costly for one pocket to bear; but a section has been published, practically the index of the larger work, giving the number of each artist's exhibited pictures, but not the titles. The manuscript volumes of the larger scheme are kept in iron book-shelves at 6, Pall Mall. Their existence is well known to art-writers, who are given every facility for reference. Eventually these volumes will be presented to the Print-Room of the British Museum.

Here I broke off the interview, not because I had exhausted Mr. Graves's wells of gossip and anecdote, but because my space for retailing them is limited. As I passed out into Pall Mall passers-by were stopping to stare into Graves's window, as their fathers and grandfathers had done before them.

## THE BROKEN BARD.

### A LAMENT IN SAPPHICS.

Once I faced all creatures alive serenely,  
Once I glanced untroubled upon my tailor:  
Now I fear lest haply his eye detect me  
In Piccadilly.

Once my friends were awfully glad to meet me,  
Once they smiled delighted to see me coming:  
Now they flee, cab-driven, before my fatal  
"Lend me a fiver."

Once in pride I said that my word my bond was:  
Now my word and bond are alike derided,  
None believes me swearing to pay a loan by  
Tuesday at latest.

Once my hopes all golden and fine and large were,  
Debts I thought might well be in scale conforming,  
Thinking some day fortune would burst upon me  
Writing of verses.

Now my hopes lie scattered in heaps beside me,  
People call me simply an ass t' have had them:  
Cease, O Muse! your servant must trot away to  
File his petition.

## IN WONDERLAND.

The time was night, the place was Mile End Road, the hero was your obedient servant. Rain, dear to dry East-Enders, fell at intervals; crowds of couples took their evening promenade; costers innumerable, with naphtha lamps for illumination and watery grapes for bait, beguiled pedestrians and earned the wherewithal to keep their lungs in shouting order. Pretty factory-girls passing under lighted windows or in the glare from the fruit-barrows made my heart beat faster than its wont; an occasional but palpable criminal slouching at a street-corner made me button my coat and grasp my umbrella with a stern though unspoken determination to sell my life as I sell my "copy"—at best market price. Genuine "donahs" in full war-paint passed me by with their "blokes" in jealous attendance. A barrel-organ stood at rest outside a gin-palace; a merry couple bribed the girl in charge with promise of "arf-a-pint" to grind out some music-hall ditty. Soon the man and woman were dancing on the wet pavement; the hidden enthusiasm and love for the exercise—a passion I never noticed before—led them to effect a change of hats, although it was neither a Saturday nor Bank Holiday. I thought of Glaucus and Diomedes changing armour in the far-off olden days: surely the golden goods of Glaucus might be called into comparison with the "donah's" splendid hat, and the dull, worthless metal of Diomedes herein find counterpart in the bruised and battered billycock of the "bloke." "History repeats itself in many vague ways," I muttered; and then a limb of the law came by and remarked, "Move along 'ere, do you 'ear?" The train of thought connecting Troy with Whitechapel then came into violent collision with the falling aspirates; I turned back Citywards, and should have passed "Wonderland" had I not stopped and gone inside. I was informed that the first evening show, from half-past six to nine o'clock, was over, and the last, from nine to eleven, was in active working order.

Leaving the proprietors richer by threepence in solid bronze coinage of the realm, I entered a large hall—probably in bygone days a theatre. At the far end was a stage, an orchestra, and six rows of seats reserved for the Mile End aristocracy at a penny a time. Being but a poor scribe, and rather fond of fresh air and elbow-room, I did not claim a place among my betters. A variety entertainment—for which definition I pray for pardon in a world to come—was in progress. Nearly all the reserved stalls held their pennyworth, and a thick crowd stood behind the seats. Ranged all round the hall were waxworks, weird and wonderful to see. The Muswell Hill Murder was presented: one murderer held a lantern and looked straight at the victim's shoulder, the other flourished a blood-stained stick and looked over the head of his prey, while the prey aforesaid looked at neither of them with an air of mild surprise. On the opposite side of the room one Seaman, also a murderer, was making what the programme called "a perilous escape." He was apparently jumping through space, and his countenance expressed peace and goodwill towards men in manner strange for such a person and situation. A policeman stared straight in front of him over the top of a house. The catalogue comprised thirty-six waxworks, excluding "God Save the Queen," which I did not see, though it was at the bottom of the page. Of the thirty-seven, nine dealt with murders or murderers—a goodly proportion, and one calculated to improve the public taste. Among the others were the Shah of Persia in the silk hat of commerce, Mr. Chamberlain without a collar, and Mr. Balfour equally bereft. Every figure was labelled, which seemed well, considering that recognition was more a matter of label than likeness. In addition to waxworks and variety, there were numerous automatic fortune-tellers and models given to working upon the application of a penny; there was a bar, well but not unduly patronised. There was plenty of smoking, and not a little of the unsavoury habit occasionally associated with the use of a pipe.

The sensation of the evening was a Grand Baby Show, a weight for age competition with prizes for winners. I did not see the babies, but I heard them, and was more than satisfied. After this I lent my serious hearing to the variety, and, by way of testimonial, beg to assure the management that I never heard anything like it before. If I ever hear anything like it again—"write me down an ass." Such voices, such pronunciation, such grammar!—you would hear nothing worse at one of the Syndicate Halls, so far as lack of style goes. Sentiments were irreproachable; one Annie Lerigo danced neatly, and Harry Lemoire, who is—said the programme—a favourite comedian, vocalist, and author, scored well. But what words shall adequately describe such of the other turns as I heard, or shall render its due to the "screaming sketch," yecept "Pepper and Salt," in which the company did sketch and screaming as well? These things are beyond the modest limits of my pen. I have pleasure in recording that all the items I suffered were free from offence; that they were almost equally devoid of merit is a sad but undeniable fact.

Noting the shape of the place, I thought the manager might have something to say about its history, so I wrote the name of this paper on my card and sent it to him with compliments and a request for a momentary conversation. Mr. Manager sent to say he would be down soon. That manager will never deserve the epitaph due to his more astute brethren for their treatment of the fourth-estate brotherhood—*Emollit mores nec sinit esse ferus*. Half an hour I waited, but he came not. "Signing contracts, I believe, sir," said the polite janitor apologetically. I thought of the programme, recognised the vast energy and profound thought needful for its proper compilation, took a last look round and an exit.



# THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



HE: Have you ever had your ears pierced?  
SHE: No; but I have often had them bored.



THE BEADLE (to NEW MINISTER) : A didna like the sermon for three rizzins—first, ye read it ; secondly, ye didna read it weel ; thirdly, it wisna worth readin'.



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## A CHINESE BALL IN JAPAN.

Who would have thought a year ago that such an event as a Chinese ball in Tokio could have been a possibility? but I recently had the honour of being invited to a most enjoyable and interesting entertainment given by their Excellencies the Minister and Lady Yü at the Chinese Legation. Looking at the large cosmopolitan company gathered together, all apparently on the most friendly and cordial terms, it was hard to realise that the late war between China and Japan, the present Korean difficulties, and the generally disturbed state of Europe, existed but in one's imagination. However, I suppose even the most zealous statesman must at times put aside his official capacity and yield to the enjoyment of the moment, and this certainly seemed to be the case on the present occasion.



MISS LIZZIE YÜ.

Photo by Maruki, Tokio.

The Chinese Legation is a large European building of red brick, commanding one of the best situations in Tokio; but for its yellow flag flying aloft on fête-days, and a few Chinese "Monban," or guards, at the gates, there is nothing to distinguish it from any of the other official residences in the capital. The Legation is furnished in European style, with curtains and

coverings of bright-coloured brocades, and has a large ball-room, with parquet floor and electric light. On this important occasion the walls were decorated with Chinese weapons and flags, arranged very effectively. The guests, who numbered between two and three hundred, arrived shortly after nine o'clock, and included nearly all the Japanese Ministers of State and high officials, the Corps Diplomatique and their staffs, the Russian Admiral and a number of Russian officers, and the greater part of the foreign community of Tokio.

On arrival we were met at the entrance by an imposing group of Chinese officials, who escorted us, two by two, across the hall and up a long flight of stairs to the dressing-room. After delivering over our cloaks and wraps to the quaintest and most picturesque-looking little maid-servants, we were again armed solemnly, in procession, downstairs to the drawing-room, where the Minister and Lady Yü were waiting to receive us. Lady Yü was on this occasion in a European dress of violet satin and lace, with a Court train trimmed with ostrich feathers, although she is usually seen in her national costume. She is a nice-looking woman, with a kind, pleasant face. By birth she is American-Japanese, her father having married and settled in Shanghai. Her two daughters, Miss Lizzie Yü and Miss Nelly Yü, were also in European dresses of white silk. They are bright-looking girls, very popular in Tokio society. All three speak English fluently. The Minister, however, speaks only Chinese, but, I believe, understands a good deal of the conversation going on around him. He is a native of the province of Manchou, in the North of China, and, like most of the inhabitants of that part of the country, is above the average height and a powerfully made man. He adheres entirely to his Chinese dress, and was attired in a long coat of yellow brocade, lined with white Mongolian fur.

There are two sons, the eldest about twenty-one years of age, who is already married, and is a proud father; the other a boy of about seventeen. They both seemed thoroughly to enjoy the dancing, although their long satin petticoats and curious high shoes must have been somewhat inconvenient. They are being educated by French and English governesses, and one of them confided to me that his mother fines him "ten sen" (=2½d.) whenever he speaks Chinese!

There were a number of Chinese guests present, their gorgeous embroidered garments adding much to the general effect of the ball-room, as did also the gay uniforms of the various naval and military officers. There was a curious *mélange* among the costumes of those present. Chinese in Chinese dress, Chinese in European dress, Japanese à l'Anglaise, Japanese à la Japonaise, and Europeans in every imaginable combination of colour and style; some toilettes as much "up-to-date" as the distance from the land of fashions permitted, others evidently desirous of striking out a line of their own. One lady had actually draped herself in a Japanese kimono, but in a way that no Japanese lady would dream of imitating; I also noticed an elderly lady in a dress of pure white. Perhaps, however, they imagined it was a fancy-dress ball! Contrary to the Chinese dress, which is a combination of the most vivid colouring, the Japanese ladies over twenty—in fact, even younger—wear nothing but the most sober colours: greys, drabs, fawns; and the elderly ladies are generally seen in black, the only

adornment being their crest embroidered on the back of their kimonos. The men and boys wear grey, dark blue, and black.

The cotillon was led by Miss Yü and a secretary of the Russian Legation, and included some pretty and original figures. The Russian "contredances" seemed to be especially appreciated, and the fun had waxed fast and furious towards the small hours of the morning when I took my departure. In fact, the ball was a great success in every way, and the general originality of the entertainment added much to its charm.

Some of the guests were a little disappointed in not having a real Chinese supper, but when I mention a few of the palatable dishes that were served to us at a Chinese dinner at which I was present a few weeks ago, I think you will agree with me that we had a lucky escape.

The chief dainties at that delectable feast—which, by-the-by, lasted three hours and a half!—were swallows'-nest soup, a very expensive dish, I believe; sharks' fins, more or less eatable; eggs which had been buried for several months and had become the consistency and colour of old Stilton cheese; and many other similar dainties which I fail to remember, but all swimming in the inevitable and savoury Chinese sauce made of pig- and goose-fat. Of course, tastes differ, but I own to preferring the more commonplace "chicken-and-ham" supper menu to the above dainties.

## A SHINTO FUNERAL IN JAPAN.

During my recent stay in Japan the death occurred of his Imperial Highness Prince Arizugawa, uncle to the present Emperor. There is a most remarkable custom in Japan—that any person of royal blood who dies away from home must have his death concealed until his body can be removed to his own Palace. On this occasion, for several days after the Prince's death was an open secret, official bulletins were issued describing his condition as very critical. On the arrival of the coffin at the Imperial Palace in Tokio, however, his death was publicly announced to have taken place, quite a week later than was really the case.

By an early hour the streets of Tokio were thronged with an expectant crowd, all in their best attire—a picturesque gathering, very different from our sober-coloured crowd in England. Death to a Japanese does not inspire the same dread and awe with which we are accustomed to associate it. The day was all one could desire—one of those brilliant frosty days which make the winter of Japan so delightful. The funeral cortège left the Palace about 9 a.m., preceded by a large number of mounted troops, and the roads were lined by the infantry to keep back the crowd. Not wishing to follow the procession at a foot-pace for over two hours (the Imperial burial-ground being nearly five miles from the Prince's Palace), I started an hour later, and, driving by a short cut, reached my destination in good time. Only those having tickets were admitted into the Temple grounds, but there was a very large gathering, almost every nation being represented. The gay uniforms of the Japanese officials, admirals, and generals, the entire Corps Diplomatique, Consuls from Yokohama, the officers from the Russian and German men-of-war, and the Chinese and Koreans in their quaint dress, all formed a brilliant gathering, standing out against the dark background of the great cryptomeria trees.

Several ladies were present, all in deep mourning; among them I noticed two of the royal princesses. Refreshments were provided in a small Japanese house in the grounds, and the hot coffee and sandwiches seemed much appreciated by many who had come up by an early train from Yokohama that morning. The faint notes of the bugle announced the approach of the procession, and we all formed into a long line near the entrance-gate.

The priests walked first, arrayed in white silk kimonos—a kind of cloak with loose sleeves—and with curious erections of stiff black silk on their heads, somewhat resembling the helmet of Britannia. Then followed the choir, playing a weird incantation on their curious instruments. Those who have not heard Japanese music can hardly realise how utterly unlike it is to the music of the West. Harmony it has none, and the wailing, dirge-like sounds are somewhat trying to the uninitiated. Notwithstanding, I noticed a solemn dignity in the mournful strains which had never struck me before. Great numbers of wreaths and enormous erections of artificial and natural flowers in bamboo stands were carried by men in white cloaks. Some of these offerings were over twelve feet in height, and required two men to carry them. Then followed the late Prince's horses, his servants, then more priests, one carrying on a wooden stand a pair of shoes for the use of the departed spirit on its journey to Paradise, or Hades, as the case may be. Then came the coffin, enclosed in a plain white wood sarcophagus, from which appeared a piece of the sleeve of the dead Prince's kimono, which, I must own, produced a most uncanny effect. A Shinto corpse is always buried in a sitting position, fully dressed, with head bent to the knees in attitude of prayer. The coffin was carried by a dozen men all in white and barcheaded. Young Prince Arizugawa followed immediately after his father's coffin. He was in old Court-dress—a petticoat of black silk, very full, giving the appearance of a divided skirt, and a white silk kimono. He carried a long, narrow piece of wood, which he held in front of him, on which was, doubtless, inscribed prayers. His head-dress was somewhat similar to those worn by the priests, but at the back of the head was fastened a large black wire hoop, covered with silk. In appearance the Prince is a small man even for a Japanese, but very dignified in manner, with a clever, rather sad, face. The ceremony must have been a trying one for him, as he marched on foot in the centre of the procession from one end of Tokio to the other, and the Shinto

funeral rites, as far as the immediate relatives of the dead are concerned, compel them to remain by the coffin until after sunset.

Princess Arizugawa, the Empress's messenger, and the late Prince's mother were also in old Japanese Court-dress—enormous trousers of bright-red material and white silk kimonos. Their hair was dressed in the most fantastic style, standing out on either side of the head in stiff wings, the back view of the head resembling a heart in shape, the rest of the hair falling loosely down the back. The poor little ladies seemed to experience some difficulty in walking in their high clogs and stiff trousers. I imagine they must prefer even European dress to this quaint but unpractical style. After waiting about an hour, while the coffin and floral offerings were being arranged, we were conducted to the other end of the Temple grounds, to where a temporary altar had been erected.

The priests, who were eight in number, after clapping their hands before the altar, to call the attention of the gods, and bowing to the ground repeatedly, chanted several long prayers, and the choir again began its dirge-like wailing. Then the priests, in turn, placed a small white wooden stand in front of the altar steps, on each of which was a

## CONCERNING THE ROMANY.

A terrible punishment somewhere awaits the inventors and the setters-out of attractive titles that have nothing substantial at the back of them. I am comforted by thinking that Mr. W. A. Dutt may not altogether escape, though, as a fellow-Borrowian, I wish him to be spared the worst pangs. He has written a brochure on "George Borrow in East Anglia" (Nutt). Here, one thought, was to be revealed the true life at the back of the romance in "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye." One was almost afraid of coming to close quarters with the truth outside its setting of poetry. Mr. Dutt's title-page roused much nervous excitement in me. Well, I have read all that he has to say, and it makes a very nice little book for such as have never read "Lavengro," nor "The Romany Rye," nor "Wild Wales," nor "The Bible in Spain," which it quotes and paraphrases pretty extensively. To be fair, Mr. Dutt does supplement Borrow's own account by the reminiscences of Dr. Hake, Dr. James Martineau, and Mr. Theodore Watts. But we knew these, and



THE JAP AS BALLERINA ASSOLUTA.

dish containing different sorts of food. First, two fishes were presented, then a pair of wild ducks, game, meat, rice, bread, fruits, and, lastly, a bottle of saki, the national drink of Japan. Food is always offered at a Shinto funeral, for use of the spirit of the departed, who is supposed to travel for fifty days before his fate is finally decided by the gods, and during that period prayers are incessantly offered up by the priests and the family of the deceased, until the fiftieth day, when judgment is supposed to be pronounced as to his future state.

Before leaving, each guest in turn, beginning with the messengers of the Emperor and Empress, placed before the coffin a small branch of a tree, from which hung strips of white paper, cut into little angular bunches, intended to represent the offerings of cloth which in ancient days were tied to the branches of the "cleyera" tree in festival-time. When our turn came, over a hundred branches had been presented, and on leaving we passed a large crowd with their offerings in their hands. The whole ceremony was exceedingly simple. Indeed, the chief characteristic of the Shinto religion is its simplicity, and "to follow the dictates of your own conscience and to obey the Mikado" embraces the whole of its religious teaching. The present religion of the country is Shinto, but many of the Buddhist ceremonies have become mingled with it, although each religion has its distinctive marks.

besides a description or two of scenes connected with Borrow's life, there is hardly a new fact or feature—only the same surmises we all have made, the same confessions of ignorance. Why was it written? To popularise what is already known? Well, let us forgive Mr. Dutt; for have not many of us talked much of Borrow on the top of the meagrest discoveries about the personality of that strange and fascinating human being?

"Scholar Gipsies" is another attractive title, and it comes appropriately after a mention of "The Romany Rye." But Mr. John Buchan has not abused it. His descriptions of landscape and human traits in the upper valley of the Tweed, and of his own feelings as a free and happy wanderer, are very pleasant and sympathetic. Mr. Buchan's precocity is remarkable. But, of course, precocity always manifests itself as precocity. In a few years he may be annoyed at having written down some of his reflections here, but he should also be surprised he has written them so well. It was perhaps a pity, for his own sake, to reprint all the papers, for, since he can already write with such grace and freedom, he is sure to be fastidious. But it is no such pity for us. Readers will skip the reflections, and enjoy the experiences of a healthy, hearty young soul in the out-of-door world, and the company of a writer with a genuine love of humanity and its humours. All tramps will welcome him to the confraternity with enthusiasm.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## FOOTBALL.

The suspension of Mr. Arthur Roston-Bourke, than whom there is no better-known gentleman in connection with Southern football, is farther reaching in its effects than is generally understood.

Not only is he prevented from acting in the capacity of referee—which is practically a suspension of the Association rather than of the individual—but he is also stopped from the secretarial duties of the Referees' Association, and here again the organisation will be the sufferer. More than this, Mr. Bourke has had to give up his place on the Divisional Committee—and, of course, on the Council proper—of the London Association. A new member will be elected, and even when Mr. Bourke's term of suspension expires, it is doubtful whether he will be able to go back—at any rate, immediately.

Such punishment is certainly out of all proportion to the crime alleged to have been committed. As a matter of fact, I confess inability to detect this crime. Mr. Bourke may possibly have been guilty of evading the spirit of the rule relating to scratch teams, but he certainly

puzzling than ever. I know that the Bolton Wanderers have established a very long lead, but I am exceedingly doubtful of that club's ability to "last." We have no team of the calibre of Sunderland at their best. Sunderland are now at the bottom of the list, or thereabouts, and it seems as if a spell has been cast over the club. There is no doubt that Sunderland have too many "old men"; but at the same time the team is good enough to have done better, and I can only believe that the uncertainty of football will, in time, bring Sunderland into a more honourable position.

In the Second Division, Newton Heath have a very fine pull over all the other clubs; but here again I would be very doubtful of the ultimate success of the leaders. Indeed, the best form in the Second Division has been shown by Notts County, and everybody would be glad to see the once famous Lacemen regain their place in the premier class.

We give in this issue a group-photograph of the Aston Villa team and executive. Aston Villa last year won the League Championship, and, seeing that they retained the best of their players and have secured

Secretary Ramsey.

Trainer Grierson.

President Ansell, Chairman Margoschis, Capt. Devey.



ASTON VILLA FOOTBALL CLUB: LEAGUE CHAMPIONS 1895-6.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BAKER AND SON, BIRMINGHAM.

conformed to the letter of it. Such an Association as the leading one should have accepted the situation with calm, for they had certainly been caught napping.

The law relating to scratch teams was, curiously enough, proposed by Mr. W. Pickford, whose portrait appeared in this page last week. This gentleman's idea was worthy, and I understand that no one more keenly regrets the present trouble than he. But it seems to me to be red-tapeism of the most glaring description to place all sorts of restrictions in the way of amateurism. Considering the present state of amateurism, I think the Football Association would do well to accept the word of any man who says he is playing for the love of the game.

A curious rumour reaches me to the effect that the London Football Association is presently to have its hands forced on the professional question by the Football Association, which, it is said, is contemplating a law by which every minor association will be compelled to recognise professionalism.

This is a matter that needs mature deliberation, and much depends upon the details. If, for instance, the London Association is to be asked to permit professional clubs to enter the Association as it at present exists, then it is high time to raise up one's voice against the gross injustice to the innumerable little amateur clubs which at present are under the ægis of the London Football Association. What should be done is to institute a separate branch to cover the professional branch, the members of which would, I am sure, not welcome the opportunity of joining an association from which they would derive no profit.

The situation in the First Division of the Football League is more

several cracks from other teams, it seems to me not unlikely that the honours will again go to Birmingham this season.

A rather novel point of interest to footballers is advanced by a well-known writer in a Northern contemporary. He asks why in matches of local import, where excitement and party feeling rule the roast, the players of one side never seek to measure up mentally the physical capabilities of the other.

His argument is based on the fact that in all such matches the tendency is to force the game at breakneck speed from the very kick-off, with the consequence that the second half is invariably dull, flat, stale, and unprofitable. "The players were tired out by their previous exertions," "the pace set at the outset, as might have been imagined, was too hot to last," are phrases commonly enough employed by the football reporter.

Why not, then, the writer asks, with a view of making the match an attractive entertainment until the very close, work it with a bit of tact? The popular idea is, of course, to score goals and to score them often; but, inasmuch as football being a game where, besides skilful manipulation of the leather, stamina is an all-important essential, one side could very well weigh up the situation, let the enemy make the running as they were so disposed, and take it up after they had finished.

As the players are more or less on the move during the whole ninety minutes, to maintain top speed to the end and keep constantly rubbing shoulders with the opposition, is a very rare performance indeed, and to some extent it is possible to see that a football match, like a long-distance race, is to be won with a bit of judgment as well as skill. The only objection to the idea is that, if each side were "waiting upon" the other,



the people would begin to wonder where the game began, and say something. As a rule, however, we always find one of the two teams in a desperate hurry to get goals as soon as the referee has got them on their journey.

#### CRICKET.

Readers of this page will be interested to learn that Kumar Shri Ranjitsinhji is expected to stand as the Liberal candidate for Brighton at the next General Election.

In the ordinary way, nobody would take any interest in the Liberal candidate for such a stubbornly Conservative place as Brighton, but on this occasion the Tory or the Liberal-Unionist may well tremble in his shoes, for Brighton loves its "Ranji" with an affection bordering on idolatry. For that matter, all the country over there is a kindly regard evident for the dusky young Prince who has done so much for cricket in general and for England at Manchester in particular. OLYMPIAN.

#### HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The past fortnight has certainly not been lacking in events deserving chronicle. The death of the artist and man of letters, William Morris, has been followed by that of a very different artist and man of letters, Du Maurier; and one of the most useful, though not the greatest, of Primates has closed his career by a death painful in its suddenness. The crowning sensation, however, has been the retreat of the former Peer-Premier from the uneasy leadership of his party—the consummation of a process steadily developing since first Lord Rosebery took the sceptre from the hand of Mr. Gladstone.

It is not plain to the uninitiated observer why the present moment should be specially appropriate for the resignation of Lord Rosebery. He is not more conspicuously out of harmony with a section of his Party over the Armenian question than over a good many other matters, which have not caused him to resign. He agrees with Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, and everybody as to the shocking character of the Eastern outrages and massacres. Where he differs from both is merely as to the expediency of certain particular remedies. Mr. Gladstone would recall our Ambassador from Constantinople, thus destroying the last channel for English influence on the Porte, and committing British subjects to the careless charge of some not too friendly Power. Sir William Harcourt would give up Cyprus as a guarantee of good faith. But to give it up to Turkey would be to reward the Assassin for his assassinations, while to give it to any other Power would be futile and contrary to treaty. Moreover, the abandonment of Cyprus would be construed as a peculiarly Pecksniffian attempt to gain credit and advantage by giving up a useless and expensive possession.

It was easy, therefore, for Lord Rosebery to show that, however unpromising his own suggested measures might be, those of the other past and present leaders of his Party were obviously useless. The attacks of a certain section of his nominal followers he might have disregarded, as he had done before. Scotland would have rallied round him, and Ireland distrusts him no more than his colleagues and possible successors. One or two newspapers and a handful of politicians have denounced his Eastern policy, but so they have his ownership of race-horses. Had he chosen to keep his place, this storm would have beaten upon him harmlessly.

No; Lord Rosebery has gone because he has chosen to go; and the difference of opinion on the Armenian question is rather a pretext eagerly caught up than a fatal and inevitable source of discord. Every political leader is bound to find himself on some points and at some times out of sympathy with his adherents. If he resigned thereupon, there would never be any leadership at all. Beaconsfield was often in direct opposition to many of his Party, while he hardly cared to veil his contempt for many of those who helped him. Palmerston's jaunty Whiggery was vexatious to the souls of earnest Liberals. Gladstone, in spite of his wonderful faculty of reconciling his followers to himself by ambiguous language, was constantly rousing some section to mutiny. Yet these kept their supremacy, because, in their very different ways, they were strong men. Lord Rosebery is not a strong man. He can neither delude the malcontents and himself into the belief that there is no difference of opinion, nor can he brush them aside with careless strength, nor lash them to heel with sarcasm. He abdicates, and leaves them to fight for his power. And it is a fair reproach to ask him why he ever took a post from which he allows himself to be so easily ousted. A Party leader ought to be a fighter. Much else he should be, but this he must be. And so Sir William Harcourt, who is a "fast-rate fighting man," like Fuzzy-Wuzzy, even though his other qualities, like those of the Dervish, are not edifying, will be the leader, unless his physical weaknesses bid him to retire.

Thus, perhaps the best one can say for the resignation of Lord Rosebery is that it is the strong act of a weak man. A strong man, if he once takes power, holds it with a death-grip. And if he is out of harmony with his Party, rather on matters of detail than on questions of principle, he bends them to his views, or, if he cannot do this, leaves them to depose him if they like. Even the meeting in Hyde Park, with

its wild and whirling words, showed no serious dissent from Lord Rosebery's views. There were one or two enthusiasts who wanted their country to be shattered in a noble cause—or, in any case, shattered, but the majority was in fair harmony with the ex-leader.

"Who killed Cock Rosebery?"

"I," said the *Chronicle*,  
Fiercely ironical;

"I killed Cock Rosebery!"

"Who saw him die?"

"I," said "dear Ellis,"  
"Which awful to tell is—  
I saw him die!"

"Who caught his blood?"

"I," said good Asquith,  
"Enough to fill a cask with—  
I caught his blood!"

"Who'll dig his grave?"

"I," said bold Labby;  
"I live near the Abbey—  
I'll dig his grave!"

"Who'll be chief mourner?"

"I," said the *News*,  
In a fit of the blues,  
"I'll be chief mourner!"

"Who'll be the leader?"

"I," said Sir William,  
"Do you think I silly am?  
I'll be the leader!"

"Who'll be the parson?"

"I," said MacColl,  
"With my empty poll,  
I'll be the parson!"

"Who'll be the Clerk?"

"I," said Joe Parker,  
"No clerk could be clerk—  
I'll be the clerk!"

"Who'll toll the bell?"

"I," said John Burns,  
"It's the best of my 'turns';  
I'll toll the bell!"

It seems strange, however, that the most rational method of doing justice on the Assassin was disregarded by the Hyde Park speakers. The only measure proposed was the passage of our fleet through the Dardanelles. Now this step, if taken soon after the Constantinople massacre, would have met with little opposition, in all probability, and could have been motivated on the necessity of protecting Europeans. But now that the Sultan's confidence has returned, and a Russian officer has examined the Straits, the passage might prove too expensive.

The most effective measure for the wilder spirits of Hyde Park would be to have the Sultan disposed of in a final manner. One reverend gentleman said he would gladly pull the rope at the other end of which Abdul might be. Only Abdul is at a safe distance. But still the trick could probably be done, for £50,000 at most. There must be plenty of desperate Armenians and Young Turks eager for vengeance, and the Palace guards could presumably be bribed; £50,000 would be an outside estimate. And what is that to British wealth? A mere trifle. Besides, we might open a Mansion House Fund.

MARMITON.

#### A PALACE OF INDUSTRY.

An imposing addition has been made to the architecture of London by the opening in the City Road of Mr. T. J. Lipton's new premises, which were begun just over two years ago. Entering the office, one finds oneself in a magnificent apartment, having a floor area of no less than 6000 feet. The height from floor to ceiling is 28 feet, the magnificent panelled ceiling being supported by majestic marble pillars. The desks are strikingly arranged, and a large, beautiful Spanish mahogany counter runs the whole length of the office. Here Mr. Lipton's clerical staff of over three hundred male and female clerks are comfortably accommodated. Here, also, the private telegraph-wires and rows of telephone-boxes are placed for communication with the head depôts in Glasgow, Liverpool, and Dublin. To the right of the large general office are five smaller offices, which are devoted to the use of secretaries and managers, and at the back one comes to Mr. Lipton's own private office. On the premises there is a private printing-office, employing two hundred hands. Returning for a moment to the first floor, one sees the advertising department, containing twelve hundred files for the newspapers in which Mr. Lipton's advertisements appear. Mr. Lipton keeps his own architects and solicitors on the premises, special apartments being set aside for them, where all plans and specifications of new buildings, leases of premises, and other legal business of the firm are respectively dealt with. Beyond, again, is the "canteen department," as it is called. From here a ship or a regiment can be completely victualled on the shortest notice. The huge building shelters during the day no less than a thousand employés.

## THE "JEWISH LIBRARY" AND MR. JACOBS.

During the past few years there has arisen in England a remarkable interest in Judaism. It began soon after the publication of "Daniel Deronda," it was stimulated by the "Children of the Ghetto," tickled by the "King of the Schnorrers," and finally cultivated by the Maccabæan Society, until—*mirabile dictu*—the interest spread to the Jews themselves. To-day an orthodox Israelite of the new or cultured type defends his orthodoxy with a plea of historical interest, which is bound to amuse even where it fails to convince. The Christian



MR. JOSEPH JACOBS.  
From a Pastel by J. D. Batten.

community looks on with interest, while wideawake halfpenny papers interview *Kosher* butchers, and periodically discover Middlesex and Wentworth Streets. Up West the millionaires of the Chosen People, like the gardener Adam and his wife, "Smile at the claims of long descent," and mix affably with the noblest in the land, just as on the night before Passover they go down to the East and pass a busy hour fraternally with those who have not turned up trumps in life's great gamble. No echo of the vile *Judenhetze* rises round the Park Lane palaces or the purlieus of Great Alie Street, formerly the abode of Jewry's merchant princes. The type of smart young man who alters his name from Moses to Montague, from Abraham to Alfred, is dying out, partly because the Biblical prefix is recognised as no disgrace, and partly because parents are less devout and more considerate. Now that toleration is an established fact, the literary side of Judaism sees and takes its chance; there is a demand for books dealing with racial matters, a demand hitherto almost entirely confined to Germany, where many works are annually produced in style less profitable than ponderous. Recognising the practically unanimous wish of the average intellectual mind, the great house of Macmillan decided, some two years ago, to issue a "Jewish Library," and has secured for its editor that distinguished scholar and charming writer Mr. Joseph Jacobs, whose serious work is as necessary to the student as his lighter fancies are popular in the nursery and school-room. The lapse of two years finds one work ready and eight commissioned. The one just published is from the pen of Israel Abrahams, M.A., joint-editor with Mr. Claude Montefiore of the *Jewish Quarterly Review*, and deals exhaustively with "Jewish Life in the Middle Ages." The others in course of preparation are "Aspects of Jewish Theology," by S. Shechter, Rabbinic Reader at Cambridge, a scholar of immense attainments; "The Return of the Jews to England," by Lucien Wolf, the well-known journalist; "The Jewish Prayer-Book," by the Rev. S. Singer, one of the most popular ministers in the Jewish community; "Jewish Ethics," by the Rev. Morris Joseph; "The Jewish Race," by the Editor; "Early History of the Jews in America," by Professor R. Gottheil, of Columbia College, New York; "Jewish Ceremonial," by Dr. Cyrus Adler, of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington; and, possibly, "The Jewish Calendar," by that eminent scholar and truly great man Dr. Friedlander. A glance at this list shows that the works will form a comprehensive and exceedingly instructive collection, and that they will require years of hard, indefatigable work even from the highly gifted men selected to deal with them. America has already placed the financial success of the issue beyond a doubt by subscribing through one Jewish Society alone for four thousand copies of each volume, and as the appeal of these works will be to the scholars of all nations, it is

likely that they will command the success they deserve. No century of Jewish history is without a deep, sustained interest, no work devoted to one of its many aspects can fail to command some degree of attention.

As a critic, a student of folk-lore, and an editor, Joseph Jacobs possesses an enviable record. He has studied in many countries and several languages, has edited works of every kind, from Goldsmith's comedies to "The Book of Job." During some years a reviewer for the *Athenæum* and *Academy*, he has discussed the merits of many a great departed, including George Eliot, Stevenson, Tennyson; has dealt with the persecution of the Jews in Russia for the *Times*, and the Life of Christ through Jewish spectacles for the world at large. In the domain of folk-lore he is at his best with English, Celtic, and Indian fairy-tales, concerning which the one and only Andrew Lang has expressed himself in terms of fervent eulogy. His genius darts from subject to subject, and lightens all it touches. He lives among books; his library is the delight of the scholar, the despair of the little-leisured student. He has just completed a work on the "Higher English Style and Composition," is one of the Committee of the Maccabæan Society, and I have seen him take the chair at a meeting of the Jewish Historical Society. "Men of the Times" relates that he was born some forty-two years ago and educated at Sydney University, whence he came to England and entered St. John's College, Cambridge, where he was Senior in the Moral Science Tripos in 1876. He is editor of "Folk-lore" and Chairman of the Literary Committee of the International Folk-lore Congress. Altogether, he is well fitted for the agreeable, if arduous, duty of editing a series designed to depict interesting aspects of an interesting people.

Perhaps the "Jewish Library" will do the greatest good in dispersing the popular belief that during the last two thousand years the only great Jews have been financiers, in one of the aspects of money-lender or millionaire. It will reveal a debt of gratitude owed by thinking men and women all the world over to the countless workers in the field of science and medicine who resisted the pressure of circumstances that compelled less clear-sighted, highly gifted brethren to take to more profitable and less honourable pursuits. Though seldom duly esteemed, the great Jewish minds have ever been respected within the sphere of their labours; and that, despite the manifold temptations, most great men have remained identified with their religion, speaks volumes for their tenacity of purpose and faith. Again, a clear knowledge of the history of Jews, written by men who will not seek to hide faults and are capable of clearly proving how much environment had to do with error, must tend to make "the bonds of freedom wider yet," to lessen the possibilities that at any future time the faults of those Jews who make no effort to preserve the great traditions of their community should influence thinking minds to think evil of the race. In the past the multitude have suffered for the few; in the future the tolerance that is due from thinking men will be more freely extended and the great antagonism of the races will die out. Whether Judaism, which has ever thriven under difficulties and oppression, will be equally prosperous when these forces have been forgotten, is a point upon which a man requires very great knowledge and brain-power to write adequately. The problem is a fascinating one, but I cannot even attempt to grapple with it. In days of old the Chosen People had their orthodoxy and their oppression; to-day they have escaped from one and are ridding themselves of the other. The life of the Jew has thriven under pressure, heavy as the atmospheric weight under which we live. Send a man far enough up in a balloon and the removal of the normal air-pressure will soon become intolerable. Has the latter end of the nineteenth century come as a balloon to take the weary Semite above the pressure of persecution? And if so, will he be able to bear the change of circumstance without inconvenience? Who shall say?

S. L. B.

## IN A RUSSIAN CAFÉ.

We all learnt something of the Moscow topography this year from the voluminous accounts of the Coronation in the London papers, and the street most referred to, perhaps, was the Tverskaya, leading from the Petrovski Palace to the Kremlin. If we start along this street (writes a correspondent of mine) outwards from Moscow, in a mile or two we come to the disastrous Khodynskoye Plain on the left hand, and opposite to it is the Petrovski Park, in which numerous little music-halls—the Yar, the Maritana, and such-like—are dotted about among the trees. They are nearly all of the *café-chantant* description, with supper-tables and miniature stages.

The hours kept are very late, as supper-parties stay there carousing through the short summer nights. The performers are Roumanians, Hungarians, and other foreigners, with an occasional troupe of English girls. They are bound to stay till four, or, if wanted, five in the morning, in order to sing or dance, as may be required by the Russian Grand Dukes and members of the *jeunesse dorée*, who drive out there after the opera and not seldom get exceedingly tipsy. The latest English music-hall songs soon get over there, and the singers now and then will receive a hundred-rouble note as a gratuity from some enthusiastic listener who has supped too freely on vodka and Crimean champagne. In spite of this, the life is very trying, and I cannot advise any English artist to go on tour to the Petrovski Park in search of an honest living. There are similar establishments in St. Petersburg, on Yelagin and the other islands in the Neva. The largest open-air theatre, where large ballets are given, is in the Zoological Gardens, whither the merchant class love to flock in the warm midsummer evenings. I saw "Stanley in the Wilds of Africa" produced there a few years ago, with great terpsichorean display and the usual caricature of the British.

## SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up:—To-day, 5.53; to-morrow, 5.51; Friday, 5.49; Saturday, 5.47; Sunday, 5.45; Monday, 5.43; Tuesday, 5.41.

There is a splendid opening for any man with capital, tact, and energy, also with "an eye for a bicycle," who will start what might be called a Tattersall's sale-yard for cycles. Such a place would, of course, need to be advertised largely, but as soon as it became fairly well known to the world at large everybody anxious either to sell or to buy a second-hand wheel would communicate with the establishment and soon be suited. Bicycles might be supplied with pedigrees, in the form of a list of their past owners, also particulars anent their past lives—the past lives of the bicycles themselves, I mean. Also an expert bicycle mechanic might be provided, who would officiate as veterinary surgeon to the individual machines. The suggestion is well worth considering, especially in these days of auto-cars and motor-carriages, for such conveyances might also be sold at this emphatically up-to-date "Tattersall's."

A lady tells me, in charmingly ingenuous language, that "the art of sticking on a bicycle is all knack, you know." It strikes me very forcibly that the art of not falling off a bicycle is "all knack, you know," judging from the queer capers and absurd antics which some people go through during the chrysalis stage of their cycling existence. The difficult part of the matter seems to be the art of obtaining this very desirable knack, "you know." As a rule, the beginner cannot set eyes upon a stone wall, no matter how far from him it may be distant, without striving to run straight at it.

An electrical engineer has just finished designing an electric bell for bicycles, for which he is about to take out a patent. He has succeeded in considerably reducing the weight of the appliance, and the electric button is attachable either to the machine itself or to the rider's person. Electric bells have, as a rule, a distressing habit of suddenly transforming themselves into dumb-bells, of a sort; but the inventor of this new electric alarm absolutely guarantees his appliance against any such defect, a defect that in the case of a bicycle-bell might prove a very serious one.

Will the follies of Fashion never cease? A lady well known in society and up to every move on the board, so to speak, with regard to foibles past, present, and to come, tells me that next season the "bejewelled bike" will be as commonly seen in the parks of London as the bepainted rider is seen in the parks of New York to-day. Already several West-End jewellers are turning their attention and their inventive faculties to the production of pretty designs likely to catch the eye, the fancy, and the guineas of persons anxious to squander money and, at all hazards, to appear *chic*. Handle-bars inlaid with tiny diamonds will, it is said, form a striking feature in the fashionable bicycle of 1897. Evidently persons—and their name is legion—possessing the happy knack of finding other people's property before it has been lost have a good time in store.

I hear that there is a great likelihood of Mr. Gladstone taking to the wheel. Already every member of his family is a proficient cyclist, from Mr. Herbert Gladstone, who is extremely fond of bicycling, to Mr. Gladstone's much-loved grandchild, little Miss Dorothy Drew. I am told, too, that it is an extremely pretty sight to see this little girl cyclist wheeling about the grounds surrounding Hawarden, followed, at present on foot, by the venerable statesman, who watches anxiously lest any harm should befall his little grandchild. Assuredly both he and Mrs. Gladstone will not long be able to refrain from indulging in the fascinating pastime.

To society which, as the French say, "circulates" on wheels, the bicycle affords a means of healthful exercise and recreation. Especially is this the case with regard to ladies, who, until the advent of the drop-frame, had to seek in lawn tennis or golf a form of exercise more or less similar to that which they now obtain on the wheel. These games, too, particularly the former, require a greater amount of exertion, and therefore appeal to a lesser number of the fair sex. Medical authorities have spoken again and again concerning the benefits of cycling, on the ground that it tempts women to take exercise, especially women of a certain set, who would otherwise lead a sedentary life. With men it is otherwise, for they always have many ways of enjoying outdoor exercise to their heart's content. Cycling, however, has proved itself to be a boon not only to Society, with a capital S, but to that great Middle Class which, so we are for ever being told, "constitutes the backbone of the country." It enables the clerk, confined during his working hours in the close atmosphere of a city office or warehouse, to get a breath of fresh air when his work is done—if, indeed, it does not enable him actually to live in the country and to ride in daily to his business. To him, too, bicycling is, therefore, a form of healthy recreation. Over and above this we have the utilitarian view of cycling. The Commander-in-Chief has advocated the use of the wheel in military manoeuvres and on the field of battle as of immense value for scouting purposes and for the rapid conveyance of despatches. As likely as not we shall soon see a cycle brigade attached to every regiment of the line. Already their use has been demonstrated in the police force, and in most country districts policemen are provided with machines, which facilitate their movements and have caused the man in blue to be much more in evidence than he was formerly.

And, as a further use for the wheel, let me mention that I read in a cycling-paper a short time ago a letter suggesting the formation of volunteer cyclist fire-brigades. It was suggested that the great army of cyclists should be utilised for the purpose of giving first aid on the outbreak of fire. The members of the corps were to be provided with a chemical appliance of an approved type for extinguishing fire. On the alarm being given, some could ride off to the scene of the fire, while others might summon the brigade, the ambulance, extra police, &c. This idea is well worth considering in suburban and country districts, where the regular fire-brigade is not readily obtainable.

Métropole Chainless Cycles seem to be fast gaining favour. There is no doubt that a chain often gets clogged with mud, or else causes serious accidents by becoming too loose or too tight, or by getting in some similar way deranged, and thus greatly inconveniencing the rider. Of course, a bicycle minus a chain is not encumbered with a gear-case, and is consequently much lighter, as well as more elegant to look at. I think that it would be well worth the while of some of my readers to give this new invention a trial.

"Is the average height of the aristocracy greater than that of the middle and lower classes?" I asked last week. A famous glove-maker writes me in reference to this query. Taking a No. 7 size of glove, he tells me that he sells very few at 8s. 6d. a pair, more at 5s. 6d., still more at 4s. 6d., more at 3s. 6d., while there is a very marked increase at 2s. 6d. Now, you can argue on this as you will. I have noticed, at least, that the Football League professionals are much shorter than the amateurs.

## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Prince of Wales has a chance of winning the Gatwick Handicap with Safety Pin, who has improved wonderfully of late. The best racing of the week will be seen at Sandown Park. The Foal Stakes looks a good thing for Avilion, who should add another big race to Lord Rosebery's respectable roll. For the Great Sapling Plate I think Berzak, despite the weight, will win. The Hersham Plate may be won by Crestfallen. The Orleans Nursery has a good acceptance. The race at present looks plain sailing for Mohur. At the same time, it should be borne in mind that at Sandown the start in five-furlong races is a big lottery, and I cannot make out why the managers do not improve the starting-place.

The Cambridgeshire will now be one of the best races of the year, and it is likely to prove the champion speculative medium of '96. I believe the commission for Thais has been satisfactorily arranged, and the filly will, I think, go very close. It is, however, impossible to ignore the big chance possessed by Laodamia, as in the race for the Cesarewitch Mr. Fulton's mare was going like a steam-engine at the Bushes, and she will be well suited by the distance to be covered next Wednesday. The Kingsclere people fancy Shaddock, and Mr. Rucker has backed Red Heart. I hope, however, to see the royal colours to the fore.

One or two writers, I notice, are complaining about the dearth of capable light-weights, and apportion the blame to the abolition of the rule whereby apprentices claimed 5 lb. allowance in all handicaps. I always understood a handicap to be a race where every horse is given an equal chance by a careful adjustment of weight. Taking that for granted, it seems clear to me that if a rider is allowed 5 lb., the word "handicap" at once becomes a misnomer. The animal whose weight is thus decreased must surely have a better chance in proportion as the pounds are taken off. I, for one, would be glad to see the rule whereby they are allowed to claim 5 lb. in selling-races abolished. But, at the same time, I must add that I think more facilities should be afforded apprentices for riding in public. Only at Newmarket are there "Apprentices' Plates." Why not at other meetings?

Presuming that the Jockey Club do not burn for the presence of what is known as the "outside public" at Newmarket, they certainly do their level best to keep gatherings at the headquarters of the Turf "exclusive." Professionals must attend for business purposes, and things are mighty uncomfortable for them. For instance, there used to be a stand in the Birdcage from which those who had no desire to tramp to the big stand and back could get a decent view of racing. During the Second July and the First October meetings this was removed. It is, after complaint by those affected, now restored. But why was it shifted? Really the idiosyncrasies of the authorities are not to be fathomed. The "outside public" generally congregate in the cheap rings. In front of these, at the last meeting, were arranged rows of carriages, so that a view of racing could only be had by getting right back on the small and uncomfortable stand. This sort of thing ought not to be. At any decent gate-money meeting it would not be tolerated.

A commission agent sends me for private inspection a list of the debts he alleges is owing to his clients by a bookmaker who is allowed to ply his calling at many meetings, but who does not patronise Newmarket. It is about time that the system of ring-keeping was altered, for there are sure to be several defaulters at work in Tattersall's Ring just now. I think, however, that backers have themselves to blame to a certain extent, as there are plenty of pencilers of good standing who would be glad of their patronage, and those who bet at all should only go to good layers.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## WEDDING FAVOURS AND FROCKS.

Although Vienna presents itself under many charming aspects to the well-placed citizen of the world, we have not been hitherto accustomed to regard that gay and graceful town as a millinery head-centre. Rather otherwise, if anything. I have met many Viennese women of the first flight in various places as well as their own brilliant capital, but always ascribed that well-admitted beauty and charm they eminently possess to inherent gifts rather than the enslaving arts of the dressmaker. It is to Viennese stitchery, however, instead of Parisian, that Princess Hélène of Montenegro will owe her trousseau, an arrangement that will, no doubt, put the international talent on its mettle; and I, indeed, daily hear efflorescent details of the different items from a pretty little Countess who was lately in England with the Archduchess Stephanie's suite.

A long white Duchesse satin, with applications of old Venetian point, is the destined wedding-garment for the civil ceremony. Over it will be worn a magnificent mantle of white *peau de soie*, trimmed with ermine and *bretelles* of crystal and pearls. Among the various trousseau-gowns is one of pale pistachio-green *moiré*, which should, above all others, suit Princess Hélène's creamy complexion and raven hair. The tablier is a work of art, being embroidered in a Louis Quinze tracery of gold and pearls. A dress of white *moiré velours* shows an embroidered front of gold Venetian work. Another frock that sounds charming has a bodice of white *broché gauze*, the skirt of gold satin, with panels and a high waist-belt of Venetian point. A brocade dress in old rose has two bodices, one covered with cream silk embroidery, the other coloured. There is also a white silk *crépon*, with bolero of Valenciennes lace and bows of yellow ribbon. A ball-gown of wavy *moiré* trimmed with gold *passementerie* and guipure lace is one of many white-and-gold combinations in the royal trousseau. There is, again, a brocade opera- or ball-wrap of the same colour, with rich bordering of white ostrich feather, and another magnificent coat-shaped garment much in the style of that sketched at Oliver Holmes' in last week's number, which is made of rose-coloured silk damask, collar and yoke of white *moutons de Chine*, the fashionable fur of our forthcoming season. Most of Princess Milena's dresses are made without bodices, so as to admit of the national jacket being worn over them, and even at the ceremonial of her daughter's wedding the Montenegrin Princess will be seen in this picturesque garment. Nor are the canons of domestic economy despised by the princely house in

question, as is evidenced in the disposal of the bridesmaids' dresses, to be worn by the two young Princesses Anna and Xenia, their white satins, trimmed with gaze de soie, being each provided with a *décolletée* bodice "assisted" with pale-green ribbons and fine Duchesse lace, which are intended to figure at the Court Ball with the "same skirts," a bit of boudoir gossip which my pretty informant imparts with a certain shrugging and arched-eyebrow air, adding, "It is what your people of the suburbs do, *n'est ce pas?*"

Talking of gowns, I went with a friend to see Kate Reily's new creations for the winter some days since at Dover Street, and rejoiced, though it was only at second-hand, in her privileges at being able to annex one ineffable garment after another there. First of all, a dainty sapphire-face cloth for mornings, the bolero bodice in tiny tucks, with intervening straps of black satin, which fastened on one side over a loosely gathered *empiècement* of purple silk, large buttons of steel and turquoise admirably emphasising this daring but delightful duet of colours. Another gown, in her favourite blue, but lighter in tone, was of *miroir velvet*—quite a regal dress, and how becoming! The bodice, particularly clever, was covered loosely with yellow point d'esprit, barred with narrow edges of sable about four inches apart. A white satin front, over which came a drapery of net, sable, and velvet, was effectively fastened at one side and gave infinite *chic* to this smartest of smart bodices, the velvet sleeves of which, tapering from the wrist, stood out becomingly at the shoulders in a series of pipings. This way of treating all our new arrangements by means of stripes or narrow lines of fur placed across is very popular with the first flight of Parisian and West End modistes. An evening-cape of Kate Reily's—entirely lovely—was trimmed in this manner; over the wide pink satin cape a covering of accordion-pleated rose-leaf chiffon; on this again fine ivory point d'esprit net, barred at regular intervals from neck to hem with strips of Russian sable. A gorgeous wrap for windy winter pilgrimages to dinner-party or play was of black Lyons velvet, made quite long, with Watteau back, fully gathered sleeves, and immense

collar and revers of silvery chinchilla. The brocade lining of tender - green - which finished this cloak completed my subjugation. Again, more than ever this year, does Kate Reily live up to her reputation for evening-gowns. One especially, a masterpiece of colouring for the clear-complexioned brunette, I must describe. *Figurez vous*, dear dark young women, a widely gored skirt of soft yellow brocade—the yellow of a ripe hot-house melon—over it a bodice formed of four different shades, from deep-orange at the waist through separate



[Copyright.]  
SMART DRESS WITH DOUBLE SKIRT.



MISS JULIA NEILSON'S COURT-TRAIN IN THE CORONATION SCENE OF "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA."

[Copyright.]



gradations to pale ivory above. A mass of lovely lace gathered round the shoulders and bodice completed the berthe, if I except a bunch of velvet nasturtiums in a dozen varying yellows placed at one side and upstanding ribbon bows at the other. This dress was quite an inspiration! The difficulty of a really smart black evening-gown I also found solved by net made over satin, around the skirt, at frequent intervals, being placed long, narrow panels of a particularly brilliant paillette embroidery. An outdoor jacket of brown embossed peau de suède was extremely smart, and exceedingly comfortable I should judge, besides; wide brown velvet revers and lapels of sable were brought to bear for its further glorification. Finally—though I could go on all day—let me enumerate a shapely little black velvet coat, finishing in a point at waist, with collar and revers of grey moutons, the sleeves and front being slashed with silk braid laid on diagonally. Description pales, in fact, before the fascinations of Kate Reilly's winter methods. To realise their *chic* and originality a visit to Dover Street seems the only possible conclusion.

But perhaps even above and beyond the forgivable vanity of clothes, however, does the predominant seduction of precious gems appeal to the primitive institution, lovely woman. The shy gleam of pearl, the bolder brilliance of self-asserting diamond, have a subtle witchery over the feminine constitution which all the pomps and works of a Worth and his

women, who justly consider coiffure of the first importance, will hail with the appreciation it deserves this newest and best departure in combs, specially introduced by the Parisian Diamond Company, for giving the hair that raised coronal shape in front which is at the moment such a necessity to our completely equipped appearance. I predict a wide adoption of this daintily jewelled comb. It is at once the most useful and engaging outcome of fashion that has been introduced for some time.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOLA.—(1) I should try Peter Robinson for the hunting-habit—he fits well. (2) Certainly; but no use sending him to Tattersall's if he is a roarer. (3) It is the 92nd, I think.

DELICIA (Northampton).—You can get the Tudno cake from Hill, of the Tudno Cake Factory, Ashton-under-Lyne, or any grocer. SYBIL.

#### THE NEW PRINCESS FLAVIA'S NEW GOWNS.

After taking all the provinces captive, "The Prisoner of Zenda" comes back to an already conquered London on Tuesday. Indeed, he is welcome—for is not his other name George Alexander?—and he is bringing with him a new Princess Flavia, in the beautiful person of Miss Julia Neilson.

Of course, I am writing before the event takes place, but, thanks to Mr. Alexander's kindness, I am once more able to give you the very first peep at the Princess's gowns.

When I whisper to you that they have been made by the famous Lewis and Allenby, you can guess that they are very lovely, though the Court-train is, of course, the most notable. The bodice is of white satin, softly swathed with net, which is all a-glitter with an exquisite embroidery of diamonds and silver and burnished steel paillettes, this fairy-like fabric being caught up on the shoulder, and again fastened at the waist by a cluster of lilies-of-the-valley and their tender green leaves, and a group of white ostrich feathers. A slight drapery of the shining net does duty for sleeves, and acts as an effective background for Miss Neilson's perfect arms, and the whole of the skirt is veiled with the same beautiful fabric, where the design of the embroidery is shown in its full beauty—graceful medallions wrought in steel and silver and crystals, set amid a shower of single diamonds.

The train is of white moiré velours, fastened on the shoulders with a bow of satin ribbon, a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley, and two or three plumes, a similar group having been caught midway on its length of shimmering whiteness, while one corner is turned back with a fan-like arrangement of the dainty blossoms and a group of feathers, to disclose the shining glory of the lining of silver tissue.

It is a glorious dress, and it has a glorious wearer, so I think that Princess Flavia's appearance will create a sensation; but that coronation-scene is full of sensations, with its clamouring joy-bells, its pealing organ, and the haunting refrain of its inspiring music.

Miss Neilson's other two dresses (for the visit to the King at the Castle of Tarlenheim, and for the final parting in the Castle of Zenda) are very simple, but wonderfully beautiful. One has a skirt of accordion-pleated white silk, veiled with mousseline de soie, put on plainly over this pleated fulness, and bordered with a deep flounce of mellow-tinted lace, headed with a narrow band of silver embroidery, while the bodice is crossed by a graceful fichu of the mousseline and lace, and is further made notable by the arrangement of the silken waist-band, which forms a high point at either side. The frilled fulness of the fichu softens the tightness of the sleeves at the shoulders, and then they are arranged with many encircling insertions of lace.

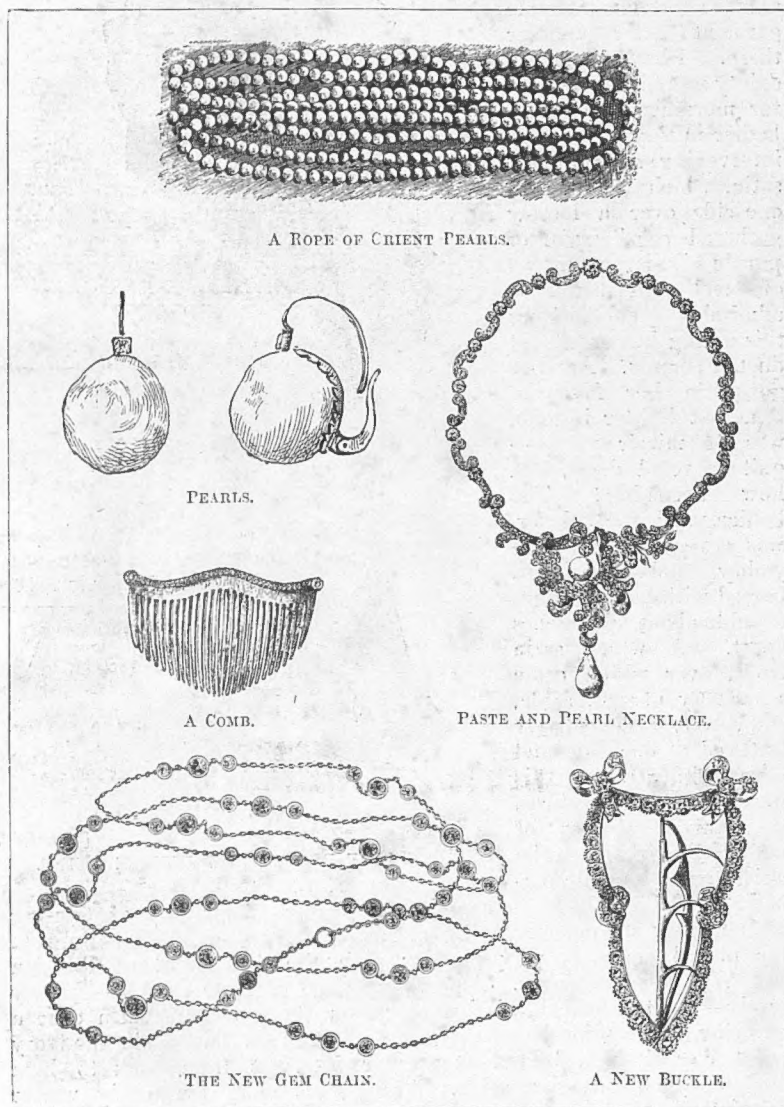
The other dress is of crêpe de Chine in the most tenderly beautiful shade of grey, hanging in soft folds over a detached lining of white silk. The bodice is made in bolero fashion, and fastened with little silver cords, while it has a deep belt of white satin at the waist. A white picture-hat is also worn, and these are the new dresses of the latest Princess.

Then, as variety is proverbially supposed to be charming, I must tell you the tale of four very striking new costumes made by Alias (who originally dressed the piece) for the four dancers in "The Gay Parisienne," in honour of the two hundredth performance on Monday.

"England" has a long-tailed coat of red velvet, outlined with gold braid, and disclosing a waistcoat of white satin, frogged with gold, while there is a skirt of white satin, each of its panels wrought with a cluster of roses, shamrock, and thistle embroidered in naturally coloured silks, and having golden stalks tied together by a golden true-lovers' knot. These panels open at the sides to admit the accordion-pleated fulness of a skirt of pale-blue silk, edged with soft white feather-trimming, and with a Union Jack design, appliqué in red, white, and blue, blazing out at the left side. A military head-dress, fashioned of black feathers instead of heavy fur, completes a wonderfully effective costume.

"Russia" is provided with a magnificent robe of yellow-and-white brocade, made in Princess fashion and outlined with soft white fur where it opens at the sides over an under-dress of white accordion-pleated chiffon. The front is ablaze with a magnificently embroidered Russian eagle, gorgeous in black and gold.

And "Spain" is, I almost believe, the loveliest of all, for the costume is carried out in black satin, embroidered with golden leaves and flame-coloured flowers, while, to veil this glory of colour, a network of soft blue-grey chenille is draped round the skirt and caught up at the right side over a petticoat of accordion-pleated gauze to match.—FLORENCE.



NEW JEWELLERY AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

*confirers* can scarcely reach. Time was, too, when the unmoneyed Miss or Madame, with longing in her soul, but no bank-notes to relieve it, was fain content with the raptures of shop-window observation. For the possession of precious things must ever remain with the few, while their coarse imitations may have short-lived vogue with the vulgar. But here in these accompanying sketches are examples of an art, emphatically so called, which will appeal to the most cultivated fastidious taste. I suppose it would be difficult to match anywhere in beauty of design this necklace of pearl and diamond, which one of the principal jewel-setters of the Parisian Diamond Company has just produced. Again, every bead in the rope of Oriental pearls, both in weight, colour, and form, might be appraised by even an expert at its conjectured instead of actual value. A new design for muff or *pince-nez* chain, in which differently coloured stones are set in rings of gold, is also a work of the most delicate art. Here are earrings now coming again into vogue, the pearls of which are admittedly masterpieces of dexterous reproduction. The Orient pearl, as produced by the Parisian Diamond Company, is, in fact, one of our extremely clever century-end successes, and there seems small logic in the great expenditure required to purchase a string of really sea-born beads when their equally beautiful prototypes can be annexed in Bond Street or the Burlington at such a widely removed equivalent. The waist-buckle, a revived and exactly copied tracery from one of the best Louis Quatorze traditions, is in itself a possession to be coveted, and smart



## CITY NOTES.

*The next Settlement begins on Oct. 28.*

## THE SETTLEMENT.

A very depressing condition of affairs was again disclosed by the Making-up prices last week. The only exceptions to the general decline were to be found in the cases of Colonial Government securities and Indian Railways, both of which were somewhat higher on balance, a fact which is rather surprising in view of the prospects of dearer money in the near future. In Foreign Government stocks the falls were

so. He advises "the selection of shares in companies having moderate capitalisation, ample working capital, efficient management, and reefs already proved payable." We do not think that any of our readers who carefully follow this advice can go very far wrong, but, after all, is it not like advising people to buy sovereigns for fifteen shillings and forgetting to tell them where to find a vendor?

We are able this week to redeem a promise we have long made and present to our readers a picture of Burbank's Birthday Gift Mine (with Professor Nicholas in the foreground) and also a view of the battery in course of erection. We believe ten head of stamps are now in working order. The views are from photographs kindly supplied us by Mr. Burbank himself. They were taken for him just before he left Coolgardie, in July last.

Several correspondents have asked us about the prospects of the Forrest King of Coolgardie Company, and we subjoin a letter from one of the largest jobbers in the Kangaroo Market on the subject—

FORREST KING.

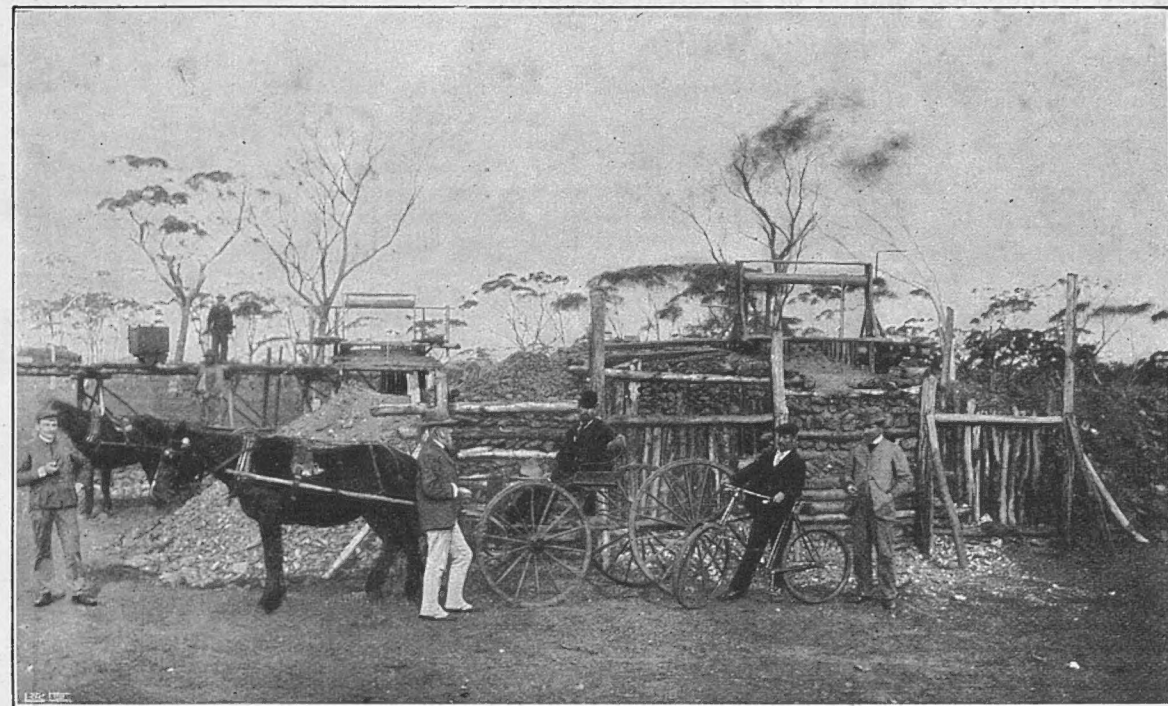
I hear well of the above property. There was in the report of the Lady Loch meeting yesterday a good deal about it. The shares were allotted in full. The price is about  $\frac{3}{4}$ , and there is not much market. It is one of the mines which had better be held for a future. They have water.

The jobber in question is a bit of an optimist, but the above very fairly reflects the opinion generally entertained by the dealers.

Good accounts continue to reach us of the Mount Margaret Reward Mine, from which crushings may very shortly be expected, and the shares of which holders at higher values may well average.

## THE BRAZILIAN SCARE.

When it is taken into consideration that the Brazilian exchange has fallen away within the past few years from its par value of 2s. 3d. to something like 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ d., it must naturally be inferred that some considerably disturbing influences have been at work in the country during that period. This has, doubtless, been the case, and we have plenty of evidence of this in the heavy depreciation which has taken place in the leading securities of the country during the past few years. Taking the Brazilian 1889 Loan as the most representative issue on this market, we find that last year it reached as high as 80. From that point it fell away, and the highest record it made in the current year was only 74 $\frac{1}{2}$ . A persistent depreciation has, however, continued, until the quotation is now about 65 $\frac{1}{2}$ . The last severe drop occurred as the result of a rather sensational cablegram from Rio stating that three hundred applications in bankruptcy were reported, and many important firms embarrassed; that the banks were restricting operations, and that a Bill granting a six months' moratorium had been presented to Congress. There is every reason to believe that this alarming report was grossly exaggerated. Indeed, the editor of the *Journal de Commercio*, Rio de Janeiro, has deemed it necessary to cable to the *Times* pointing out that the message above referred to must have been erroneously transmitted.



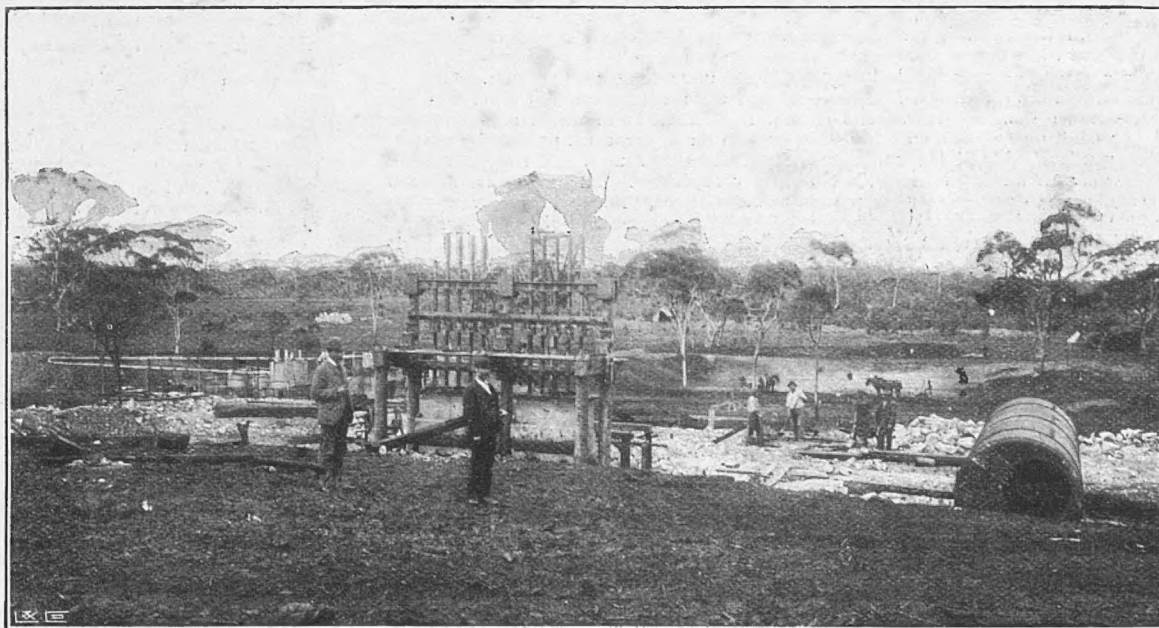
BURBANK'S BIRTHDAY GIFT MAIN SHAFT.

very considerable, the South American issues being the greatest sufferers. Thus we find that Brazilian Four and a-Half per Cents of 1888 were lower to the extent of 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  points, and the Four per Cents of 1889 of 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  points, while there were numerous other falls of more or less moment. American Rails—the only department that exhibited any degree of strength at the previous Settlement—also shared in the prevailing slump, the only exception of any consequence being the Philadelphia and Reading issues, which were carried over at higher rates. Commercial and Industrial shares, including Brewery issues, were somewhat irregular in their movements, the rises and falls being pretty equally balanced.

The Mining carry-over was a dispiriting one for "bulls," and when we mention that, out of about four hundred and fifty companies included in the Making-up List, there were only thirty-one rises recorded, the extent of the slump will be fully appreciated. There has been a consistent falling away of prices in the West Australian Market, and it is evident that the public are not feeling quite comfortable with their holdings of shares at such high premiums. Hannan's Brownhill, Hannan's Reward, Ramage Syndicate, and West Australian Pioneers were all  $\frac{3}{4}$  lower, while there are numerous other falls, from  $\frac{1}{2}$  downwards. Although the Miscellaneous section exhibits a general decline, the depreciation is not of a very pronounced nature, and does not exceed  $\frac{3}{8}$  in any one instance.

## WESTRALIA.

Mr. Allen H. P. Stoneham's letter to the Press comes very opportunely at the present juncture, when there is hardly a day passes without bringing with it some disappointment owing to Westralian undertakings not coming up to sample. This letter will also be a useful guide to investors, who are continually being tempted with all kinds of alluring baits. Mr. Stoneham wisely refrains from recommending the purchase of the shares of any particular company, as it would be invidious for him to do so in view of his many and varied interests in Westralia; but he is eminently qualified to give valuable advice on the subject, and he does



BURBANK'S BIRTHDAY GIFT BATTERY IN COURSE OF ERECTION.



Instead of three hundred failures, it appears that there were only twenty-two petitions in bankruptcy since Aug. 1. There are other important contradictions in this telegram which we need not refer to; but they seem to show that no further developments have taken place to justify such alarming rumours.

#### LONDON AND BLACKWALL RAILWAY.

A very important circular has been issued by the directors of this company to their shareholders with reference to a proposal by the Great Eastern Railway Company, the adoption of which would mean the absorption of their undertaking by this enterprising company. The London and Blackwall Company is at present leased by the Great Eastern, the rent payable being practically a first charge upon the net revenue of the Great Eastern, ranking for payment before any debenture charge or other stocks. The proposal of the Great Eastern is to give in exchange for each £100 of London and Blackwall stock an equivalent amount of Great Eastern Four per Cent. Debenture stock or Three per Cent. Rent Charge stock, to yield to the Blackwall proprietors the same interest as they receive at present. The directors of the Blackwall Company consider that this proposal offers no advantages to their proprietors, but that, on the contrary, its acceptance would seriously injure their position, as by consenting to an exchange of stocks in the manner suggested they would be surrendering the claim, which at present they have under the provisions of the lease in respect of their rent, to a first charge upon the net revenue of the Great Eastern Company; and, further, that it is not possible by any exchange of stocks, to improve the position which the Blackwall Company's stock now commands. It appears that somebody has been sending round copies of a newspaper containing a report of the proceedings at the Great Eastern half-yearly meeting, where this proposal was mentioned. The Blackwall directors are naturally somewhat irritated at this procedure, as they understood that the negotiations were to be treated as confidential. We quite sympathise with the Blackwall directors to some extent, and to the fullest extent if they are warranted in their statement that it was a breach of confidence on the part of Lord Claud Hamilton to refer to the matter at the Great Eastern Company's meeting, held on the same day as that of their own company.

#### A NEW NEWSPAPER COMPANY.

We have hinted more than once at a new and important newspaper amalgamation which was on the tapis, and would shortly be issued to the public, and there is no reason why we should not now say that about the second week in November the *Lady's Pictorial* and *Sporting and Dramatic Publishing Company* will offer for subscription 35,000 £5 preference shares secured upon the income of these two well-known journals, which will be certified by accountants of the highest standing to be three times the amount required to pay the preference dividend of 5 per cent. All the *Sketch* correspondents will receive an early prospectus, and we shall do our best to secure such of them as wish it a reasonable allotment. There is no need for old correspondents to write to us on the subject, as they will receive application forms in due course.

#### PUFFS.

We wish to warn our readers against the puffs being circulated about such things as Harmony Gold and Land Company, concerning which anonymous circulars, very badly printed, are being distributed through the post; Sheba Queens, so industriously recommended by the baser sort of gutter-rag journal; nor ought we to forget Noltzykops, Royal Shebas, Barberton Estates, Klerksdorp Reefs, Matabele Ancients, the Savoy Theatre, Dublin, and a host of others. Rubbish in these times is easy to buy and hard to sell, and we urge our readers to take no notice of tips, whether in circulars or newspapers, which are sent to them gratis.

#### NEW ISSUES.

Harmsworth Brothers, Limited.—We have already noticed this prospectus, dealt with the capital, &c. It only remains to say that, for investors who want 5 per cent., the issue offers a very good opportunity, as the dividend appears secure, and the shares should increase slightly in value as time goes on.

William Cory and Son, Limited.—This is a coal combination of several of the best-known London firms. The capital is £3,000,000, of which one-third are 4 per cent. debentures, and the same proportion 5 per cent. preference shares. The vendors take all the ordinary. Both the debentures and the preference shares appear fair investments, but we prefer the latter. The profits are said to be sufficient to pay the debenture and preference share interest twice over. The whole concern is respectable, and appears likely to meet with public favour.

The Mexican Cotton Estates is offering £350,000 6 per cent. debentures, and, although it comes out under the auspices of Brown, Shipley, and Co., we do not like debentures in a Mexican company, with Mexican directors, and no remedy in case of default except in the local Courts.

The Sumatra-Singapore Coal Company.—A Dutch company better left alone.

Saturday, Oct. 17, 1896.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the "City Editor," The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

FALCON.—It is very difficult to advise you. We have no news of any improved prospects in the Londonderry; but, of course, good gold might be found any day. Six months ago we should have said clear out, but at present price we really dare not advise you. The surest thing for a profit we know is C. Arthur Pearson preference, but the rise will be slow. We hear Mount Margaret Reward shares are worth buying.

T. M. C. and A. B.—We have forwarded your letter to Mr. Alfred Harmsworth.

FELIX.—We have no faith in the London Drapery Stores, Limited. The sooner you get out the better for you.

Nux Vomica.—In mines of this sort there is always a chance of the whole

complexion of matters altering in a few days; but, as far as we know, there is every prospect of its turning out a bad egg.

C. M. B.—We should see it out in the case of the mine. Dunlop Deferred are not a bad speculation at present price. Certainly buy deferred rather than ordinary, and take a reasonable profit when you can get it.

INQUIRER.—The list is not a bad one for speculative purposes. (1) Is a good mine. (2) We have no information. (3, 4, and 5) At present prices fair speculations.

E. J. B.—(1) See answer to "C. M. B." We should buy a few more to average, and sell on any reasonable rise. (2) The capital of the Elswick Cycle Company is, we believe, £300,000, of which £200,000 is issued.

C. H. M.—Thank you for your letter. We should be glad of an article, with one or two photographs, on the mineral resources of the Crow's Nest Pass district. About a thousand words, giving the plain, unvarnished truth. Of course, your name would not be published, and we would pay our usual rate for it. Please address to the "City Editor."

G. J. C.—We wrote to you on the 12th instant.

WANDERER.—We highly approved of the mine at about par, and still think well of it, but the shares have risen in value over 70 per cent. since we first recommended them, and we thought some correspondents might as well take their profits. We should imagine Mills Day Dawn United or perhaps Mount Margaret Reward would prove a good speculation.

ORNEY.—Both the papers you name are run by promoters of very unsavoury name in the City. They expose other people's swindles, but cover up their own. Van der Berg's shares were badly subscribed, but have had a good rise. We should not be very sweet on them at present price.

EX REGLE.—(1) We know it was not taken by the public, but a good bit was underwritten. (2) No. (3) The Tyre Company. (4) The Quinton Company.

W. H. B.—We should not advise the purchase, as the thing was very much over-capitalised.

SCOT.—We should not consider the concerns you name suitable for a widow with only £600 in the world; but they are good industrial speculations of a somewhat risky class. Our information is that both are doing well.

LEMON.—(1) We do not know which class of the Railways securities you propose to buy, but, unless you are prepared to go in for a long job, we can see no inducement to purchase. We should prefer Little Chathams, if we wanted that sort of thing. (2) See answer to "Wanderer."

GUARANTEED.—The evil that men do lives after them. The Grand Trunk appears to be picking up very slowly, but it will be a question of years. There will probably be a reorganisation of the capital before long. If you know of a good investment to put the proceeds in, we should cut the loss and try to recover your money in another direction.

J. M. L.—Under the Investment Clause you can only invest in Consols and the like or in mortgages. Government securities will give you less than 2½ per cent., and you had better get a respectable solicitor to obtain a first-rate mortgage which will give you from 3½ to 4 per cent.

X. Y. Z.—We never answer anonymous letters. Send your name and address, not for publication, and we will answer you; at the same time, tell us what you mean by a "reliable" investment.

R. S. R.—What on earth have pantomime rehearsals and Rosina Vokes to do with finance. We have passed on your letter to the Editor.

S. B.—We wrote to you on the 16th inst.

ALPHA.—We have tried for an hour to read your letter, and although we can after much labour make out a word or two and perhaps the general sense, there are whole lines which we cannot read. (1) We have no special information as to Mount Rowe. (2) We think African Estates are a reasonable speculation, with some prospects of turning out well. (3) We have no special information, but all we know leads us to consider it a wild-cat.

A. E. H.—We would not touch one of your concerns with the longest barge-pole, so it is useless to ask us which we prefer. As to No. 2 it has no price.

WIDOW.—Under the circumstances detailed in your letter, we think your list is about as unsatisfactory as it is possible to imagine. For a person who could afford a speculation, and who followed the course of events and was ready to take a profit, we should say Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 10 were a fair thing. The rest are rubbish. We consider the shares of C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, a good speculation if you have money to invest.

ST. BRIS.—Our invariable rule is to require the name and address of every correspondent, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. If you will repeat your questions and comply with this rule, we will attend to you. Until you do so we must consign your letters to the waste-paper basket.

NOD.—We consider Uruguay bonds as safe a security as you will get to give you over 7 per cent., but this is not saying much. As to the second concern on your list, we have no reliable information. Perhaps the following list will suit you:—(1) Imperial Continental Gas stock; (2) C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, pref. shares; (3) Trustees and Executors Corporation Prior Lien bonds; (5) City of Wellington Waterworks Loan or Christchurch Drainage bonds. Divide your money equally over the above, and you will average 4½ per cent. with practically absolute safety.

BOLTON.—We see no appreciable risk in any of the five investments mentioned by you. As to No. 4, we should not select it, and think you had far better put the money into any of the things recommended to "Nod," especially No. 3, which we consider first-rate.

G. E. M.—Arrangements are nearly completed for dealing with the Entre Rios debts, and you should hold.

SILURIAN.—It is very difficult to advise as to such a list as yours. All depends on the course of the Mining Market. We believe if you sold the lot you would be wise, but we may be wrong. It is a pure gamble.

G. B.—See answer to "St. Bris."

J. W. M.—We wrote to you on the 17th inst.

A. M. C.—You would be quite safe.

S. J. C.—(1) Don't sell your Brazilian stock in the middle of this scare, but get out when you can see a reasonable investment for the money. (2) Our advice incline us to say, Buy a few Wealth of Nations. We have a good opinion of Hannan's Reward, but the machinery will take four or five months to put up.

J. J. G.—(1) You had better hold the French shares. The company is expected to make a big profit for a year or two. (2) We do not think these shares will see £2 in a few months. (3) See answer to "S. J. C." We should stick to the cycle shares for a bit.

ENGINEER.—Concerns like the Universal Corporation are out of favour at present, but we should hold, as the right people are behind it. Of course, it is highly speculative. We are not in love with the Cheque Bank, but it is managed by clever people, and we should hold the founders' shares if they were our own.

CLYDE.—See answer to "Nod." London and County Bank shares are first-rate, but the liability is very large. We should prefer things with no liability if we wanted 4 per cent.

JONAS.—(1) A fair speculation. (2) It is quite impossible to say what may happen in the present state of the African Market. (3) We think so.

LIGHT.—(1) The security for the debentures is the uncalled capital and the whole of the securities on which advances have been made. We consider it is ample. (2) The same answer applies to this company's prior lien bonds. (3) We should consider these preference shares a fair investment. As to your list, we can only say we should prefer 4, 8, 7, 5, in the order named; but the whole lot, except, perhaps, 4 and 8, are very second-rate.